T R Bannerman
716 20th
July 30 94

The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. I. NO. 21 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY.

As Defined by Saint Thomas Aquinas and Suarez.

ORDER AND JURISDICTION.

Spiritual Power is Twofold—The One is Sacramental, and the Other is Jurisdictional.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the Prince of Theologians, who died in 1274, that is two centuries previous to the so-called Reformation, expresses with much precision the distinction between Order and Jurisdiction. (2, 2, Q. 39, n. 2.)

"Although schismatics have the power of Order, yet they are deprived of the authority of Jurisdiction.

"Spiritual power is two-fold—the one Sacramental, the other Jurisdictional. Sacramental is that which is conferred by some consecration. But all consecrations of the Church are permanent, so long as the matter remains which is consecrated, this even in things inanimate—an altar once consecrated cannot be reconsecrated unless it be afterwards broken. And, therefore, this power remains as to its essence in a man who has received it by consecration so long as he lives, whether he fall into schism or heresy. But as inferior power ought not to be brought into action unless it be moved by superior power, as is seen in nature, it follows that those (who fall into schism or heresy) lose the use of the power, and it is not lawful for them to use it. If, nevertheless, they do so, their power produces its effect in sacraments, for in these man is but the instrument of God. Hence the effects of sacraments are not prevented on accouut of any guilt in the minister of the sacraments.

"But Jurisdictional Power is that which is conferred by the simple concession of man; such power does not inhere permanently; whence such power does not remain with schismatics and heretics; they therefore are unable to absolve, to excommunicate, to grant indulgences, and the like. Should they do so, the acts would be null.

"When, therefore, it is said that schismatics and heretics have not spiritual power, it is to be understood of Jurisdiction; but if Power of Order be referred to, then is not meant its essence, but its legitimate use."

To this clear statement of St. Thomas may be added the still more explicit teaching of Suarez on the way of receiving Papal and Episcopal jurisdiction. This most celebrated of modern scholastic theologians a member of the learned Jesuit Order who lived in the so-called Reformation period writes:

"The pontifical power is, as it were the primal example of all spiritual power of Jurisdiction; for no one will deny that that is a true power of active jurisdiction—nay, in that order is the highest that can exist in mere man. Now, that power is not given to the Pontiff by any consecration, but by election and the bare grant of God; for when He said to Peter, 'Feed My Sheep,' He impressed on him no new consecration or character, but gave him a mere power of jurisdiction. So, too, the Pope, when rightly elected, is immediately true Pope as to such power, and as to that receives no consecration; nay, if not already a bishop or a priest, he must be afterwards consecrated or even ordained, and nevertheless, in the meantime, he can exercise all acts of mere external jurisdiction. Therefore, in the same manner, the proper power of jurisdiction is granted to other bishops by election or simple concession, not by consecration, for the principle is the same, not only because the episcopal power is but a certain participation of the papal power, but likewise because, as in the appointment of the Pope, to apply to him, matter (for the exercise of his jurisdiction) is nothing else but to give to him a true and new power over it, so when a See is given to one bishop consecrated before, matter (for jurisdiction) is applied to him no otherwise than that certain persons become his subjects which before they were not; nor do they become his subjects save by giving him a new power as a superior altogether distinct from the power of order or from consecration. Lastly, because, just as acts of pontifical jurisdiction, as such, are not acts of order or consecration, nor flow from it, so neither are acts of episcopal jurisdiction. (De Leg. iv. 4.)

Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Theodore, a monk and priest, was in 668 appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian. Like S. Paul he came from Tarsus in Silicia, and exchanged the half moon tonsure of the Greek clergy for the full-moon tonsure or 'crown' of the Church in the West. He introduced Greek culture into England, which thus embraced a wider range of learning than any other country at that period. Theodore organized the outward episcopal and parochial form which the Anglican Communion retains even to this day. So solid were the fruits of Archbishop Theodore's labors, says Stubbs, now an Anglican bishop in his Constitutional History, that "in a single century England became known to Christendom as a fountain of light, as a land of learned men, of devout and unwearied missions, of strong, rich and pious kings." His work tended not only to the spiritual well being of the country, but also gave an impulse to national unity; for as Green the historian an Anglican clergyman, states "in his arrangement of dioceses, and the way in which he grouped them round the See of Canterbury, in his national synods and ecclesiastical canons, Theodore did unconsciously a political work..... The policy of Theodore clothed with a sacred form, and surrounded with divine sanctions, a unity which as yet rested on no basis but the sword. The single throne of the one primate at Canterbury, accustomed men's minds to the thought of a single throne for their one over-temporal lord. The regular subordination of priest to bishop, of bishop to primate in the administration of the Church, supplied a mould on which the civil organization of the State quietly shaped itself. Above all, the councils gathered by Theodore were the first of our national gatherings for general legislation..... The synods which Theodore convened as religiously representative of the whole English nation led the way by their example to our national parliament. The Canons which these synods enacted led the way to a national system of law."

The president and directors of Georgetown College, the leading Jesuit institution in the country, have issued a regulation, prohibiting their students from playing foot ball with teams from outside the college until the character and rules of the game shall have been radically modified, so as to preclude with reasonable certainty all danger of serious casualties. This action is the result of the game played on Thanksgiving day in which a number of the players were seriously fnjured.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The "Ave Maria" Sounds a Note of Warning.

ON CHURCH DISSENSIONS.

Ecclesiastics who would Rather Cause Scandal than Suffer a Wound to Dignity.

The *Ave Maria* for December publishes the following painful but discreet and opportune article. Let him that readeth, understand. "The words 'grant us peace' were added to the 'Agnus Dei' in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at a time when the peace of the Church was disturbed by factious spirits, and her progress arrested by dissension among her followers. Sad to say a similar condition of things now exists in the Church of America. It were quite useless to close our eyes to this fact, which is as stubborn as it is deplorable. We are in great danger of becoming a divided host. The spirit of dissension has taken possession of us. The weak are scandalized, the good disheartened, the erring hardened. Our enemies wonder and exult.

"The evils ever consequent on disunion are beginning to be felt in various ways. The cause of religion is suffering. A decade of years ago all was harmony with us. Nowhere in the world was the growth of the Cnurch more vigorous, nowhere was the faith making greater progress than in our own country. Our leaders were united among themselves; their subordinates were obedient and dutiful; the laity devoted and faithful. Who that knows ought of the situation at present will say that a lamentable change has not set in,—that there is anything like the old time *esprit de corps* amongst those who should be one; the same spirit of obedience and self sacrifice among priests, the generous devotion and respect for ecclesiastical authority that formerly characterized the laity?

"The harm done to the Church by organized bigotry, the evil occasioned by individual scandal, the injury resulting from lack of zeal or incompetency, is trifling compared to the ruin wrought by dissensions. If this conviction were not shared by others better qualified than are we to judge, we should hesitate to express it. We hold in our hand a letter addressed to a friend by one of the most prominent men in the United States, a publicist whose views are widely quoted, and everywhere regarded as those of a great and good man. He has often before given proof of deep sympathy with the aims of our holy religion. The fact of his not being a Catholic lends a certain weight to his opinion. These are his words: "During one hundred years of American experience, the Church grew, prospered and gained continually in power and numbers. A more encouraging condition could not be imagined. All was right and no quarrel disturbed the peace; but now there are quarrels everywhere. Progress must be stopped as far as it is possible."

"If those who are guilty before God of destroying the peace of the Church in this country could only be brought to realize the evil they have done, they would be appalled at its magnitude. They have outraged decency, wounded charity, violated truth and justice, relaxed discipline, injured good works. Theirs is the crime of scandalizing Christ's little ones, and of confirming non-Catholics in their deep-rooted prejudices against the Church, which all are commanded to hear. What shall be said of an ecclesiastic who would rather cause scandal than suffer a wound to his dignity, or endure some slight abuse of power? We say slight though seeming would be a more exact term. Abuse of authority is rare in our country. The very air we breathe is fatal to any form of oppression. The reign of a tyrant is necessarily brief; an arbitrary ruler is made to feel the error of his ways at a first offence. The class of men who are always "against the Government" are the ones who would abuse authority if they were vested with it. An ecclesiastic who sets his reputation above the general interests of religion is a whited sepulchre. What virtue can there be in anyone, who having it in his power to stop scandal, lets it grow and spread, perhaps foments it? Such men as these are unworthy of their high calling, and if put to the test would promptly deny Him whom they profess to serve. It will take a long time to repair the evil that has been wrought. Woe to those by whom that evil has come!

"The approach of Christmas, when angel choirs proclaimed peace on earth to men of good will, should remind us of the duty of praying for the reign of peace—peace with God, peace with our neighbor, peace with ourselves. Angus Dei, qui tollis peccati mundi, dona nobis pacem!"

Catholic Chinese Mission in New York.

The Rev. T. McLoughlin Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration on Mott Street New York, has undertaken to spread the faith among the heathen Chinese in his parish. This zealous priest is thirty years of age gifted with a patient temperament, pleasant of manner, kind of disposition and ardently loves souls. To a *Herald* reporter he said, "At the present time I have no Chinamen in my congregation. Now that the fair in the Church of the Transfiguration to which many Chinese came is over, I intend to do mis-sionary work among the Chinese residents in this locality.

"There are two Chinese children in my Sunday school, and I propose later on to start a Chinese class, to which I will give my personal attention. Some of the pews in my church will also be reserved for Chinamen, who shall be invited to attend the services.

"Our Protestant brethren have done a great deal toward making Christians of these people, and I do not see why the Catholic Church should not stretch out its arms to them. We have our missionaries in China of course, but here is missionary work among heathens that can be performed within one block of the Bowery."

May God speed and bless the good Father's work. Now that so much has been done for our own people on the Pacific Coast, let us pray and hope the day may not be far distant when missions may be opened to convert to the true faith the thousands of Chinese and Japanese heathens resident in our midst.

A meeting of the consultors of the diocese of San Antonio has been held, for the purpose of proposing three names from which a successor of Bishop Neraz shall be chosen. Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans presided, but no information was given out as to the choice of the consultors. Vicar-General Buffard has charge of the diocese at present, having been appointed by the deceased prelate.

Of the forty immortals who at present represent the French Academy des Belles Lettres all but seven are Catholics.

TWO MEMORABLE SPEECHES.

DElivered in the House of Lords by Anglican Bishops.

THE EPISCOPAL POSITION.

Drs. Horsley and Van Mildert on the Relations Between Church and State.

In the year 1803 a petition bearing the signatures of some of the Catholic Bishops in Ireland was presented to the English Parliament. The Anglican Bishop Horsley, opposing it, thus spoke before the House of Lords:

"A noble duke on the opposite bench has said in exculpation of them, that these Roman Catholic bishops are really 'bishops.' Most undoubtedly they are bishops. as truly as any here; they are of the Episcopal order, and men, I dare say, in their individual character, highly worthy of that pre-eminence in the Church. But I am sure the noble duke knows enough of our ecclesiastical matters to be apprised of the distinction between the 'power of order' and 'the power of jurisdiction.' The power of order these Roman Catholic prelate possess; but the power of jurisdiction does not of necessity attach upon the power of the order. A man may be a bishop, and yet it follows not of necessity that he is bishop of a diocese. The two powers of order and jurisdiction are *quite distinct*, and *of distinct origin*. The power of order is properly a capacity of exercising the power of jurisdiction conferred by a competent authority, and this power of order is conveyed through the hierarchy itself, and no other authority but that of the hierarchy can give it. The *only competent authority* to give the power of the Episcopal *jurisdiction* in this kingdom is *the Crown*, It is true that in this part of the United Kingdom that power may seem in some degree to flow from the hierarchy, because we have the form of an election of a person to be a bishop of a vacant See by the clergy of the cathedral. But this is a mere form; the Chapter cannot proceed to elect without the King's license. The King's license to elect is always accompanied with his Majesty's letter missive recommending a fit person to this choice; and it always so falls out that the Chapter agree with the King in their opinion of the fitness of the person. In substance, therefore, *the collation of the diocesan jurisdiction is from the Crown. In Ireland the collation of the power of jurisdiction is both in form and substance from the Crown solely; for the prelates of that part of of the kingdom are appointed to their respective sees, without any conge d'elire or any form of an election, by letters patent under the Great Seal.* In neither part of, therefore, of this kingdom can there be any *legitimate* power of *jurisdiction* but what is *conferred by the Crown, and the claim of such a power, independent of the Crown, is a most outrageous violation of the very first principles* of our ancient constitution." (Hansard, First Series, vol. iv., col. 700).

Twenty-two years later, in the House of Lords, in another discussion concerning the Catholic Question, Bishop Van Mildert the Anglican, said: "Spiritual power, my Lords, is twofold, and the two parts of which it is composed have been clearly defined by one of the most distinguished ornaments of our episcopal bench, whom many of your lordships must have often heard in this house with admiration and delight—I mean Bishop Horsley. In a speech on the subject we are now discussing, that eminent prelate remarked the just and proper distinction between the 'power of order' and the 'power of jurisdiction,' both appertaining to spiritual authority, but quite distinct and of distinct origin. The power of order, my lords, is simply and purely spiritual, and can emanate from none but a spiritual authority. It is that power which confers the capability of exercising spiritual functions, or, in other words, qualifies a person to minister in sacred things. This power the sovereign, the temporal ruler of the state being a layman, cannot possibly confer. He has it not himself, and therefore cannot communicate it to others. It originates in another and higher source. And this is all that properly belongs to the power of order.

"The power of jurisdiction goes much further than this, it extends to the entire government of the ecclesiastical body, to the appointment of particular persons to exercise spiritual functions throughout the State, and regulations by which they shall be directed to their respective remunerations according to the stations they hold in the ministry; in short, to everything which in ecclesiastical, no less than civil polity, it is the duty of the legislative and executive government of the country to provide for the general benefit of the community.

"Now, it is manifest, my Lords, that *this latter power, though spiritual in its purpose and effect, cannot be exercised by any other authority than that of the State*, much less by any foreign power without a palpable interference with that authority; neither can it be carried into effect without a perceptible and powerful influence upon men's temporal interests. It is, however, asserted that the power claimed in modern times by the See of Rome is nothing more than that which belongs to the Church only, and which has been expressly disclaimed by the sovereigns of this country, as a part of their prerogative. The true line of distinction, I apprehend, my Lords, to be this: Spiritual functions belong exclusively to the Church, *spiritual jurisdiction belongs to the State*, as allied to the Church, *and although exercised by the Church, is derived from the State.*"

Then after arguing the 37th Article and Queen Elizabeth's injunctions thereon, Bishop Van Mildert concludes:

"The sovereign, though supreme head both of Church and State, can not takeupon himself to preach, to baptize, to administer the Eucharist, to ordain, to confirm, or to consecrate. These are offices purely and exclusively spiritual; and Queen Elizabeth rejects the very supposition of their belonging to the sovereign as a slanderous construction of her asserted claim to supremacy. *But still she maintains and abates nothing of her title to supreme jurisdiction*; nor will allow any states of the realm, whether ecclesiastical or civil, to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction" (Hansard, Second Series, vol. xiii, col. 696-698).

It must be remembered that Bishops Horsley and Van Mildert were defending the cause and claims of the Established Church of England before one of the great Estates of the realm, and this when the Roman Church was seeking official recognition of her jurisdiction in the British Isles.

The Queen Regent of Spain is especially consoled at the result of the fourth Spanish Catholic Congress. Her Majesty has thanked the united episcopacy for their unconditional adhesion to the teachings of the Church. and their filial affection and obedience to its visible head, the venerated Pontiff, Leo XIII.

The Guardian of America.

It is not mine a tale to tell
Of past and glorious days,
When heroes toiled and martyrs bled,
And poets sang their lays
In noble strains of noble deeds.
The past I must resign;
Yet in the future, dawning days
Of promise fair are mine.
And still, since first Columbus moored
His bark upon our shore,
Since first he raised the holy Cross
Upon San Salvador,
Though heavy clouds have lowered since,
Through which could scarcely shine
The blessed sun of Faith, yet still
It has been ever mine.
From other favored lands it came;
And, in return, my own
Welcomes each stranger to her shores,
And offers him a home.
The sun of Faith shines far and wide,
With its celestial ray
Chasing away the heavy clouds,
Turning the night to day.
May every stranger in our land
An ark of refuge find,
And may the blessings of all climes
Be in our own combined!
'Tis meet; for though to each fair land
An angel guide is given,
To mine belongs the whole bright band—
The regal court of Heaven,
Attendant on our Virgin Queen,
Enthroned in heavenly state;
She is our glorious Patroness,
Mary Immaculate.

So royal honors do I claim,
America, for thee!
My fair young land desires no crown:
She asks but liberty;
Yet for the love of her whose smiles
Our hearts illuminate,
I'd crown her Queen of our dear land,
Mary Immaculate.
I'd weave her crown of prairie flowers,
Crimson and white and blue,
The color of the western sky,
The sunset's glorious hue!
Then forth upon my mission high
I'd speed with heart elate,
To conquer nations for Our Queen,
Mary Immaculate!

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

The smallest diocese in the world is that of the island of St. Helena, the bishop of which has jurisdiction over three priests.

Bishop O'Sullivan is giving a very interesting series of lectures on the doctrines of the church at Tuscaloosa, Ala. His audiences are composed of the best people in that vicinity. He uses a "question box" as do the Paulists, and devotes some time each evening to answering these queries. It is evidently a practical effort on the Bishop's part toward that unity of Christians he so earnestly desires.

Bishop Keane has purchased, for the Catholic University, the collection of religious paintings by Italian artists which were on exhibition at the World's Fair. They were collected from the decendants of old families of Italy and blood connections of pontiffs and nobility. They were brought to this country by Signor Speridone, of Rome, and have been in the custody of Giovani Schiffanio of Washington since the fair.

Rev. Father Van Antwerp of the Detroit "Angelus" and pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary Church in that city contracted small-pox in the performance of his duties as chaplain of the Detroit pest-house which has been under his care since its establishment. He is now lying very ill at the rectory under strict quarantine, but his physicians have every hope of his recovery. Father Van Antwerp has paid a heavy price for his devotion to a dangerous and disagreeable duty.

In the Jesuit menology there are the names of 44 native Japanese Jesuits, distinguished for holiness. Of these, three are canonized saints whose feast occurs on the 5th of February. Still others have been beatified. In the Jesuit catalogue of the mission of Nankin are the names of 12 native Jesuit priests and 5 scholastics. Of the priests, one, Andrew Tsiang, is the Prefect of Studies in the seminary. Besides there are 19 native secular priests under Jesuit direction.

Resignations by Catholic bishops are not unknown in this country, though they have been comparatively few in number. Among those that come to mind at present are the resignations of Bishops Conroy, Albany; Whelan, Nashville; Mark, Marquette; O'Connell, Grass Valley; O'Connor and Domenec, Pittsburg; Borgess, Detroit; Lootens, Idaho, and Archbishops Grace, St. Paul, and Lamy, Santa Fe. Of course various reasons prompt resignations, the most of them being tendered because of the ill-health of the prelates who send them in.

Cardinal Manning used to tell a story of his friend, Bishop Bramstone, who seems to have been a wit as well as an eminent ecclesiastic.

One day a member of his flock approached him, whether in earnest or not does not appear, with the remark that he wanted a wife, and he added the usual modest conditions that she must be young, rich and pretty.

The bishop answered him upon the instant.

"You are mistaken," said he. My name is Bramstone, not Brimstone. I do not make matches."

The Rev. Mr. Sleppy, pastor of the Union Methodist church in Allegheny, Pa., preached a sermon on Catholicity last Sunday in which he taught his people some valuable lessons of religious charity and good feeling. The Catholic Church, he said, was a bulwark against the idle vaporings of Ingersoll and other infidels. Against its power they were as helpless as a microbe would be against the man in the moon. The opposition of the Catholics to the use of the Bible in the schools he explained to be due to their reverence for it. History showed that the Roman Church has been the friend of the arts and literature, that it had preserved the classics and that it had been loyal in the great American civil war.

Father Walter Elliott, the Paulist, tells how one of the question asked of him on his missions was whether the pomp, rich robes and costly ornament which the Catholic Church employs in her service are not contrary to the simplicity which Christ inculcated in the Gospel. The reply which Father Elliott made to this question was as follows: "The simplicity and poverty of our Saviour's life is not a precept to be obeyed, but it is an example to be followed by those to whose souls the Holy Ghost brings it as a personal vocation. . . . This question reminds me of an old Protestant lady who complained to the priest of the richness of the Catholic worship. 'The Saviour,' said she, 'was born in a stable.' 'Madam,' answered the priest, 'were you born in a stable?' Our Saviour never condemned the magnificence and costliness of the Jewish worship, which, indeed, His Heavenly Father had commanded, even in its minutest details, and which He Himself frequented. And the Catholic Church, by means of its beautiful ceremonies, lifts the souls of men to the thoughts of heaven, and brings to their minds the events of our Saviour's life, His sufferings and triumphs and teachings."

Three Interesting Books.

Benziger Bros., of Chicago, have recently issued three very interesting books, suitable for reading by Catholic children. They are entitled "Mostly Boys," by Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J.; "Legends and Stories of the Holy Child Jesus from Many Lands," collected by A. Fowler Lutz, and "The Flower of the Flock," by Maurice F. Eagan.

Father Finn's interesting stories are almost too well known to need criticism. In "Mostly Boys," he has given us a series of short stories, written in the vein which has made him such a favorite with the juvenile element.

"The Legends of the Holy Child, Jesus," are, as the name implies, a collection of stories relating to the Infant Jesus, prevalent in various European countries. Being in story form, they are very entertaining, and most appropriate for this season

The prolific pen of Maurice F. Eagan has contributed much to Catholic literature. In the "Flower of the Flock," Mr. Eagan has given us a slight departure from the usual run of his stories, and woven into a connected whole a series of very interesting events. As a book for girls, this story will find many pleased readers.

For sale by A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by $1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

Subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Replies to a Child of Mary's Questions.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC—SIR: I am much puzzled to read in this week's "Monitor" first, "To say that sin is the cause of poverty is to give the lie to Blessed are ye poor." Second, "Sanctifying grace is a gift which makes us holy. What is this gift? It is nothing else than the third person of the Holy Trinity. He comes to men as to a temple of the Holy Ghost."

This souuds very unlike what I have been taught. Our evening paper is writing up the first of the passages. Will you explain and highly favor a perplexed

CHILD OF MARY.

Sacramento, Feast of St. Damasus.

First. Unquestionably poverty came into this world by the original sin the revolt of our first parents. The earth was cursed and man henceforth is to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The increase of poverty since, has in great part been the consequence of the actual sins of mankind. Dives has, more especially in modern times, wickedly forgotten the sores of Lazarus. Poverty and toil are not sins. The Divine Master sanctified them in His person, in His home, in His work, in His ministry. He raised voluntary poverty to a counsel of the Gospel. "If thou wilt be perfect, said He to the young man who had kept the commandments from youth, "go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." There are the poor destitute of worldly goods, the poor in mind that is the humble, the poor in heart who have their souls and affections detached from riches. Of them Jesus says: "Blessed are ye poor;" and again, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." In each instance the reward is the same "For yours is the kingdom of heaven." Even for this world, to keep up wealth by every means not penal in a court of law, is not a source of joy. "The poor shall not cease out of the land;" and the sores of Lazarus must no longer be left to be licked by the dogs in the street.

Second. Sanctifying grace is not the Holy Ghost. As the soul is a reality giving natural life to the body, so is sanctifying grace a reality giving to the soul supernatural life. Like qualities in bodies, it cleaves to the soul. It is an abiding influence diffused in the soul and inherently united to it. The soul and its faculties are ennobled, lifted to a supernatural plane and receive power and capability beyond what by nature they possess. This is the wondrous gift which makes us participators in the Divine Nature, brothers and co-heirs of Christ. It is accorded us through the merits of Christ; it is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

The Tri-une God on account of His Immensity exists naturally by His being or essence, by His presence, and by His power in all and every one of His creatures. The same Tri-une God is supernaturally in every soul possessed of sanctifying grace by special power operating supernatural effects, by special presence guarding and providing for adopted sons. All external works of God, the whole Trinity perform; yet for special reasons creation is said to be of the Father, redemption of the Son, and sanctification of the Holy Ghost. Sacred Scripture distinctly teaches that the Person of the Holy Ghost is communicated to us and is given to abide in us. This indwelling of the third Person of the Trinity is by reason of this sanctifying grace given to the soul. He the fountain of Divine Love dwells in the beloved soul as the protector and guardian and bestower of the gifts of grace, as the cause and source of supernatural life, as the spirit of our adopted sonship, as the seal and pledge of the full vision of God hereafter. And as temples are erected and consecrated to be abiding places of God's presence, in a special way, so too are our bodies and souls by sanctifying grace the temples of the Holy Ghost. "If any man love Me," said Jesus, "I will love him, and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our abode with him."

The Man of Galilee.

Subscribers of this paper who have as yet failed to take advantage of the Examiner's offer to supply the various portfolios of the Man of Gallilee to the readers of this paper on the same terms as the Examiner, should do so at once. The pictures in the various numbers are really beautiful, and their religious interest, especially at the present time, is great. All that is necessary is for subscribers to clip the coupon from the eighth page of this paper, enclose it with ten cents in coin or stamps, and mail it to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, and the portfolio desired will be promptly forwarded. So far five of the numbers have been issued. You will regret missing this opportunity if you fail to make use of the chance.

PRAISE FOR BOOTH.

Father Wyman, the Paulist, Speaks of the Salvationists' Leader.

"Lurid hell will be preached hereafter from the pulpit of old St. Mary's," said Father Wyman of the Paulists yesterday. "When we came here and saw our surroundings, we recognized the fact that there could be no uncertainty in our utterances. With twenty thousand pagans on one side of us, and brothels and saloons around us, our mission will of necessity be an uncompromising fight against vice. In New York City the Paulist pulpit has brought consternation into the ranks of these people, and we will join in any movement having the extermination of these vices. In fact, we might even unite with the A. P. A. to accomplish this end.

"There are many difficulties to overcome in handling this question. In the first place, any reformation of these creatures to be effectual, must have a means provided for their case, so that they may not want to lapse back into their old surroundings. While they are penitent and willing to give up their present mode of life, a home, where different conditions will prevail so as to keep up an interest in a new state of life must be provided. In this, the plan followed by the Salvation Army is a good one. That wonderful organization does not hesitate to take care of the most depraved. It raises them up from the depths and provides a home for them. They have a most wonderful organization, due to their leader, William Booth, who has an admirable help-meet in his wife.

"I have read Booth's 'In Darkest England,' and have been much impressed with it. When Booth first felt called upon to take up this work he was a Wesleyan preacher in England. He was too radical for the other preachers, disagreed with them, and started out on his crusade all alone. He modeled the plans of his organization on the rules of the British Army, and they are particularly strict. Female soldiers are strictly forbidden to occupy the same barracks with the men. Their rules regarding courtship and marriage are almost Catholic, inasmuch as they endeavor to make marriage as sacred as possible. Flirting is strictly prohibited, the bans have to be published, and other safeguards are thrown around it. In this way admirable control is exercised over all.

"The theology presented by the Salvationists is strictly orthodox—from a Protestant standpoint. Booth is a wonderful man. his influence is magnetic, and it is in this way he accomplishes such wonderful results."

Death of Eugene Kelly.

Eugene Kelly, the banker, who was at one time a resident of this city, died in New York City on Wednesday at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years. Mr. Kelly was born in Trellich, county Tyrone, Ireland, and at the age of twenty came to this country. His first position was that of clerk in Donnelly Bros'. dry goods store. and at different times was engaged in business in St. Louis and Louisville. He arrived in this city in 1850, and founded the dry goods house of Eugene Kelly & Co., on the northwest corner of Montgomery and Clay streets. Four or five years later he returned to New York, where he permanently resided.

In 1861 the banking firm of Donohue, Ralston & Co. was organized, with Mr. Kelly as partner, the business in New York being conducted under the name of Eugene Kelly & Co. With the withdrawal of Mr. Ralston in 1864, to found the Bank of California, the firm became known as Donohue, Kelly & Co., which title was retained until about three years ago, when it was incorporated as the Donohue, Kelly Banking Company, Mr. Kelly being a large stockholder.

For his many charitable acts Mr. Kelly received a number of decorations, both from Pius IX and Leo XIII. Mr. Kelly and his wife each contributed $100,000 towards the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. He was a most devout Catholic, and always a generous contributor.

The deceased leaves a widow, four sons and a daughter, all of whom are living in the East. His estate is estimated to be worth from ten to twelve millions of dollars, among which is much real estate in this city. R. I. P.

Notice to Subscribers.

The present premium offer will be withdrawn after January 1st. A full supply of Maps of Ireland will be on hand on Monday. Those who have not yet ordered should do so at once.

A MOTH CATCHING PLANT.

It Closes Its Jaws and Catches Its Victim as In a Vise.

A New Zealand correspondent suggests that the ravages of certain larvæ in some countries might be greatly restricted by the introduction of the New Zealand moth catching plant, Araugia albens. This plant, which is a native of southern Africa, was introduced to New Zealand quite accidentally about seven years ago, and since then it has been extensively propagated there on account of its effective service as a killer of destructive moths.

Wherever the climate is mild the plant is an exceedingly free grower. It twines and climbs with great luxuriance and produces immense numbers of white or pinkish flowers, which have a very agreeable scent. These flowers attract innumerable moths. On a summer evening a hedge of araugia will be covered by a perfect cloud of moths, and in the morning there will not be a single flower that does not imprison one or two and sometimes as many as four insects of various sizes and genera. The action of the araugia is purely mechanical. The calyx of the flower is rather deep, and the receptacle for its sweet juices is placed at its base. Attracted by the powerful scent and the prospect of honey, the moth dives down the calyx and protrudes its proboscis to reach the tempting food, but before it can do so the proboscis is nipped between two strong, hard, black pinchers, which guard the passage, and once nipped there is no escape for the moth, which is held as in a vise by the extreme end of the proboscis and dies miserably.

The "rationale" of the process is not yet explained. The proboscis is so very slightly inserted between the pinchers (only a minute fraction of an inch) that it apparently cannot affect the generative organs of the plant unless these may be the pinchers themselves, whose actual contact may be necessary for reproduction. Upon dissection the pinchers, even in their ordinary position, are invariably found to be almost in contact, the separating interval being apparent under a strong lens. It is therefore hard to understand why such a process as the destruction of a moth should be necessary to close this already minute gap.

But, at all events, the thing is done, and effectively, and a plant of araugia covering a space of ten yards in length will destroy as many hundred moths every night, and consequently prevent the ravages of 50 times as many larvæ. It is, however, a singular fact that in New Zealand, where the plant has often been cultivated for the express purpose of destroying the detested codling moth, Carpocapsa pomenalla, that wily insect declines to enter the trap.

THE PARIS COCHER.

A Queer and Pathetic Relic of the Gilded Days of Louis XV.

When, Theophilus, you feel that you have been run over and abused by this hard, old, wicked world and would like to be an emperor for a few minutes to get even, come to Paris, my dear boy, and call to your side one of these whip snapping lords of the pavement, and for 1½ francs in shabby glory you can drive around the streets of the brilliant city and run over people, like a king. It doesn't make any difference. The man has a number and a license to whip up his horse when he comes to a crowd.

Take it all in, Theophilus, and lean back on your cushions as the women and children scatter before whip and hoofs and be sure to get your American money's worth of that delightful old mediæval feeling of being in a beautiful carriage world where pedestrians are born with the right of being knocked down and the privilege of being fined for it.

The cab is the last touching symbol of royalty in France. It is the plaintive remnant of the old French constitution, which consisted—succinctly stated—in running over people and then having them guillotined for being in the way. Pay your cabman with reverence, Theophilus, in these bare and democratic times. He is the nation's reductio ad absurdum of Louis XV—pathetic, with the gilt rubbed off.—Independent.

The Dyaks of Borneo.

The ferocity of the Dyaks of Borneo when Rajah Brooke first came was appalling. No social or religious function could take place among the tribes without bloodshed. Young unmarried girls came forth from the long seclusion to which they had been condemned since childhood so anæmic that they could hardly stand. A slave was killed in their honor and the blood of the victim sprinkled over them. Head hunting had decimated the race. It was imperative that husbands should conjure evil spirits by bringing a human head to their wives before the expected birth of a child. Boys might not aspire to manhood without having earned the badge of the head hunter.

A skull was the first gift of a lover to his mistress and the last token of respect by which the living could honor the dead. On account of his rank no petty chief could be buried without many freshly decapitated heads to form his escort into the next world. The greatest respect, moreover, was shown to such trophies. They were smoked over a fire to preserve them. Their lips were forced open to receive the choicest morsels during the family meal. Tobacco and betel nuts were also spread before them. They were looked upon as honored guests, and every effort was made to win their friendship.—Fortnightly Review.

A Terrific Shock.

Mrs. Bangleton was reading of a street car accident in Chicago to her husband.

"The cars ran together," she said, "and Miss Wabash, who was standing in the aisle, was thrown from her feet and"—

"Gee whiz," exclaimed her husband, "those cars must have been going a hundred miles an hour!"—Detroit Free Press.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

TYPHOON IN MANILLA

APPROACH OF THE TERRIBLE WIND AND EFFECTS OF ITS VISIT.

The Inhabitants Are Warned by Signals and Have Ample Time For Preparation. Breaks Up With Deadly Squalls and Closes In Devastating Floods.

Early in the eventful week warnings came from our excellent observatory that trouble was brewing down on the Pacific to the south and east, and about Friday the No. 1 typhoon signal was displayed. The news respecting the storm was indefinite, but the villain was supposed to be moving northwest, headed directly for us. Saturday up went signal No. 2, and in the afternoon No. 3, and in the evening No. 4. Still everything was calm and peaceful, and Sunday morning dawned pleasant but for the exception of a haze. Early in the forenoon up went signal No. 5, which is only three from the worst one that can be put up—No. 8, and now everybody began to get ready for the invisible monster. All the steamers and ships in the river put out extra cables, and the former got up steam. No craft of any kind were permitted to go out of the river, and the fleet of ships in the bay appeared to be putting out their spare anchors. Still everything was calm, but the haze thickened, and low sand clouds began to sail in from the China sea.

Just after we finished tiffin, at our little seaside house, our gaze was riveted on a native coming down the street, dressed in a black coat, with shirt hanging out beneath, in true Philippine custom, and wearing white trousers and a tall hat. He carried a sort of decorated cane, marched down the center of the street and gave utterance to solemn sentiments in a deep, musical voice. In short, he was the official crier to herald the coming typhoon, and as he marched along the bells in the old church rang out a wild, warning plea. The natives opposite us hastily began to sling ropes over the roofs of their light nipa shanties, and one of the English fellows who lives just back of us had already stretched good sized cables over the tall, sloping tin roof of his domicile. A sort of hush prevailed, and then sudden gusts began to blow in off the bay. The scud clouds increased and appeared to be in a terrible rush. The roar of the surf became louder and louder, and one after another of our oyster shell windows had to be shut. The typhoon was advancing slowly, but its course was sure.

Our 8 o'clock dinner passed, and now the wind began to howl. Before going to bed we moved out of our little parlor such valuables as might be most missed by being carried through the air, in case our roof came off, and went to bed amid a terrific din. Sleep was impossible. Our house trembled like a blushing bride before the altar, and for a triumphal exit—wedding march—the tin was suddenly ripped off our secondary rain shed roof like so much paper. Great pieces of tin were slapping around and up against the house and would have sawed a head or hand off had one attempted to poke itself outside. At 3:30 a. m. we took a look into the "sala." No glass would have stood the gusts that came pouncing in from the bay, but our oyster shells did not yield. The noise outside was deafening. The house hung together, and we were thankful that we were not off in the bay. The wind lulled in the early morning, and at 9 a. m. came some of the most terrible changes of wind, the deadliest squalls and most terrific blowings I ever felt. Down came all the wires in the main street; over went half a dozen nipas on one side of us; crack, bang, broke off some great venerable trees. The street was a mass of wreckage as far as we could see, and few signs of life were visible.

All the rest of the day the winds blew most fiercely, but we could see that the center of the typhoon was passing off to the northwest. I sallied out in the afternoon and managed to keep along behind the houses and reached the Luneta, where all the lamps bent their heads, with broken glass, and where the huge waves were flying far up into the air as they dashed against the sea wall. The clumps of fishing and bathing houses were battered in pieces, and those which weren't minus roofs and sides were washed up into the road as mere driftwood. The natives were out grabbing logs, while the fishermen's families were crouching behind a stone wall watching their wrecked "barns" and were sitting on their saucepans, furniture and babies to keep them from sailing skyward. The vessels out in the bay were throwing the surf high over their bows. One of them seemed to be ashore and her stern very near the breakers. A steamer had broken adrift and run into another, losing all her anchors and chain. But all things have an end, and at night the winds and rains subsided. The typhoon was wide in diameter, and so was not as destructive as the one in 1882.

After the typhoon came the floods, and the river overflowed and flooded all the adjacent low country. The water covered the road to the club to the depth of three feet, and two of my friends were nearly drowned by trying to drive when they should have rowed. The poor pony walked off into the field, in the darkness, by mistake, into eight feet of water and was drowned. The boys nearly got stuck inside the trap, but managed to save themselves. As it was, one had to rescue the other and has been since presented with a gold watch. C. was giving a dinner dance the next evening when word came that the festivities would be postponed till terra firma appeared. But the show is all over, and business, which has been paralyzed for a week, once more starts up.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Natchez, Miss., was at first called Rosalie in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain. Its name was changed to that of a tribe of local Indians.

FORDING A CHINESE RIVER.

Pits Dug In the Stream's Bed by Guides to Trap the Unwary.

Traversing the country from southwest to northeast and in a pouring rain, we visited the villages of Si-kou-ying, Hao-kwei-ying and Sang-yein. Here the women, dressed in their best clothes, stood watching us on the doorsteps, which would have been quite a pretty sight, with their multicolor jupons and trousers, had the effect not been partly spoiled by the horrible deformity of their feet squeezed into microscopic shoes. I possess a pair of these shoes as worn by a mandarin's wife, and the length of them is only 3 inches. Toward noon we reached Ya-lo-wan, on the banks of the Hung-ho river, a miserable village on a minuscule hill of yellow earth. The river had to be waded.

A Chinaman—a beggar, I thought—volunteered to take animals and men safely across for a sum of money, for he said there were large holes in the river bed, in which our animals would have lost their footing had we crossed by ourselves. I would not employ him, as I hate to be imposed upon by humbugs, and knowing the little way which these gentlemen have of digging large holes on purpose in the river bed while dry in summer, so as to extort money from timid travelers, I proceeded to "sell" him.

I guided my mules not right across the water, for the holes are generally dug where most unaware people are likely to cross, but a few yards farther up, therefore landing every one safe on the other side, with the exception of one donkey, who, in strict similarity with all the evil spirits of China, insisted on going on his own account in a straight line in front of his nose, with the result that when he reached the middle of the stream he fell into one of the holes, and with the weight of the load he was carrying disappeared. Only the point of his ears could be seen wagging out of the water. The holeman, if I may call him so, who had eagerly been watching for this, ran in the water to his rescue and saved his life, for which act I duly rewarded him.—Fortnightly Review.

SOME PEOPLE'S RELIGION.

Marion Crawford Writes a Pointed Little Lecture on Intolerance.

There are very good and devout men and women who take the world—present and to come—quite literally, as a mere fulfillment of their own limitations; who look upon what they know as being all that need be known, and upon what they believe of God and heaven as the mechanical consequence of what they know, rather than as the cause and goal, respectively, of existence and action; to whom the letter of the law is the arbitrary expression of a despotic power, which somehow must be looked upon as merciful; who answer all questions concerning God's logic with the tremendous assertion of God's will; whose God is a magnified man, and whose devil is a malignant animal, second only to God in understanding, while extreme from God in disposition.

There are good men and women who—to use a natural but not flippant simile—take it for granted that the soul is cast into the troubled waters of life without the power to swim or even the possibility of learning to float, dependent upon the bare chance that some one may throw it the life buoy of ritual religion as its only conceivable means of salvation. And the opponents of each particular form of faith invariably take just such good men and women, with all their limitations, as the only true exponents of that especial creed, which they then proceed to tear in pieces with all the ease such an undue advantage of false premise gives them. None of them has thought of intellectual mercy as being perhaps an integral part of Christian charity. Faith they have in abundance, and hope also not a little; but charity, though it be for men's earthly ills, and theoretically, if not always practically, for men's spiritual shortcomings, is rigidly forbidden for the errors of men's minds. Why? No thinking man can help asking the little question which grows great in the unanswering silence that follows it.—Marion Crawford in Century.

Hungry Pike.

One of my sons, aged 15, went with three other boys to bathe in Inglemere pond, near the Ascot race course. He walked into the water to about the depth of four feet, when he spread out his hands to attempt to swim.

At that instant a large fish came up and took his whole hand into its mouth, but finding itself unable to swallow it relinquished its hold, and the boy, turning round, prepared for a hasty retreat. His companions, who saw the fish, scrambled out of the pond as fast as possible.

My son had scarcely turned around before the fish came up behind him, and seizing his other hand crosswise inflicted some very deep wounds on the back of it. The boy raised his free hand, which was still bleeding, and struck the great fish a hard blow on the head, when it disappeared. The other boys assisted my son to dress, bound up his hand with their handkerchiefs and brought him home.

We took him to the surgeon, who dressed seven wounds in one hand, and so great was the pain the next day that the lad fainted twice. The little finger was bitten through the nail, and it was more than six weeks before it was well. The nail came off, and the scar remains to this day.—Fishing.

Dislikes the Bicycle.

The latest opposition to the bicycle comes from an utterly unexpected quarter—the Thames boatmen. "Shiver them bicycles; they've ruined my business! Instead of a hundred boats out on a fine Sunday, each with a young lass in the stern sheets and her beau at the oars, not 20 put out from the float. My old customers wheel over the bridges instead of running under them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FRAUDS EXPOSED.

Some of the Tricks of So Called Mind Readers Solved by Dr. Hyslop.

Dr. Hyslop of Columbia college, says a writer in the Boston Herald, has helped to bring down several so called mind readers who have visited New York. The Taylors, a man and woman who gave exhibitions in New York two years ago and convinced nearly every one who saw them of the genuineness of their manifestations, gave a private seance for the benefit of this Columbia professor and some of his scientific friends. They found hidden objects, they picked out cards that had been selected from a pack and then shuffled in again, and all the other familiar tricks, with more than common success, one of them staying in the room and being in the secret, and the other coming in after all was ready and supposedly reading the partner's mind.

All went well until Dr. Hyslop and a confederate took the Taylors aback by announcing that they could do the same things. They had found that the words used by one of the "mind readers" in calling the other into the room were what gave the desired information. It was discovered that by skillful arrangement of not more than six words a surprising amount of information could be conveyed. This is the first time the fact that the Taylors were not genuine mind readers has been made public.

Another "mind reader" exposed by Dr. Hyslop and coinvestigators was Guibal, who gave exhibitions in New York recently and astonished hundreds of persons, most of whom suppose to this day that his tricks were bona fide psychic phenomena. Guibal's assistant was a woman called Greville, who sat on the stage, and who, so far as could be seen for a long time, gave him absolutely no sign of what was in her mind. Guibal apparently read that mind as if it were an open book. The whole thing was found to be a trick, and the explanation is now in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research. It is believed that Guibal and Greville were the same persons whose performances had amazed London not long before. The woman breathed very heavily, and the code of signals lay in the manner of her breathing, messages being conveyed by long and short breaths, something like the dots and dashes in the Morse telegraph code.

CURIOUS TEA PARTIES.

The Odd and Eternal Little Functions That Are Held In Pearl Street.

There is an everlasting tea party in function on Pearl street, near Hanover square. An aroma of freshly steeped leaves fills the air all the week, and following your nose to the cause you will find it pointing down to little gloomy basements where teacups are perpetually spread. They are all plain white cups, and there is no display of tablecloth or dainty cakes—just plain tea. And the methods of the tea parties that foregather there are just as plain and unceremonious.

They generally consist of old gentlemen of severely respectable appearance, and when these old parties feel like it they go down the basement steps and take a pinch of tea out of a caddy or suacer, or whatever it may be kept in, and put it in the cup and pour a little hot water on it, but never any milk or sugar. And then, despite their eminently respectable air, they dip their fingers in the cups and stir the tea leaves about or maybe fish out a leaf and unroll it, sometimes putting it in their mouths and chewing it.

But, strangest thing of all, they never drink their tea after all the trouble they have taken with it. In fact, they seem to take a strong dislike to the infusion as soon as it is before them. Sometimes they sniff at it, and if ever they take it into their mouths they do but roll it around and spit it out. Moreover, they will do the same things with half a dozen cups in succession until Dr. Johnson—unless he knew the reason—would have cried out at the waste of the cheering but uninebriating beverage.

Meanwhile other gentlemen sit also at the table and anxiously watch all this sniffing and spitting, for these are the tea tasters and samplers, and this is where tea is bought and sold not by the pound, but by the carload.—New York Sun.

Lucky and Unlucky Vegetables.

Peas and beans are very important plants in folklore, and there are many superstitions connected with them. Peas were favorite instruments for divination. A pea pod with nine peas was equal to a wishbone when placed above the door. In Northamptonshire it is accounted generally lucky to find nine peas in a pod, or kid. In Mecklenburg, Germany, it is believed that peas must be sown early on Wednesday or Thursday, or the birds will carry them off. If they are fed to hens, it is said that fowls will lay well. They must not, however, be eaten during the Christmas holidays nor until after Twelfth day.

Beans were mysterious in antiquity. Pliny says they contain the souls of the dead. The Romans used them in religious ceremonies. They were used in Greece as ballots, and Pythagoras desired his disciples not to "love beans"—that is, not interfere with politics. Our phrase, "You don't know beans," probably means you are no politician. Ovid prescribes beans to expel evil spirits.—Philadelphia Press.

The Place For Shoppers.

"Please bother us! Bother us! Bother us!" is the earnest request which appears on the title page of the catalogue and price list of an enterprising firm of retail grocers in a southern city. 'Tis a bright idea. They can well afford to be pestered with inquiries as to quality, price, etc. The only thing that they fear is to be let alone.—Merchants' Review.

The elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but when excited or frightened can attain a speed of 20 miles an hour and keep it up for half a day.

A SENSIBLE FIR TREE.

Said a saucy little Maple
To her cousin, Willow Tree:
"Miss Fir has no new mantle
This spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
That she's worn since I was born.
I should think she'd feel so shabby
With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
At the Fir Tree's old style clothes
Willow laughed—she couldn't help it—
At the turned up, pea green nose.

The Fir Tree, staid and modest,
Answered Maple not a word,
Though I'm very sure—yes, certain—
Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured
As she rearranged her clothes,
"I'm glad my friends don't leave me
With every wind that blows."
—A. F. Caldwell in Christian Nation.

VALUABLE WOODS.

Many of the Finest Kinds In Existence Plentiful, but Almost Unknown.

Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown or only slightly known to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are perhaps the most remarkable as well as the best known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use. These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly.

In the Columbian exposition there were many displays of little known woods, and the finest of them were those from Argentine Republic, Brazil and other South American countries. Some of these southern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods. Some of them burned but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water.

All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river valleys and in some of the wide areas of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are specially fit for the finest cabinet and furniture work, and also for shipbuilding, carpentry and other industrial arts in which wood is the raw material. These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them.

Before many years, it is safe to predict, the South American and Central American republics will be threaded by railroads, and then those wonderful woods will be drawn upon to supply the demand for new and fine woods in all civilized countries.—Lumber World.

Overheard In the Restaurant.

She—I went to see a beautiful play while we were in New York.

He—What was it?

She—Well, I can't remember the name exactly. It sounded like "Dr. Deppety."

He—Who took the leading character?

She—A man of the name of Willard, Francis Willard. Oh, he's just elegant! Magnificent! He doesn't speak very plainly, and he can't sing a little bit; but, oh, he's just perfectly grand.

He—Was it a play or an opera?

She—Oh, something of that sort! I had a quarrel with Herbert about you that night and didn't notice much.

He—Why did you quarrel about me?

She—Well, I told him of our engagement that night before we started for the theater and then asked him if he still wanted to take me out, and he laughed and said, "Certainly, I would just as soon take an engaged girl to an entertainment as any kind of a girl," horrid thing!

He—Why was he horrid?

She—I just revenged myself by sitting and thinking of you all the evening. Oh, say, those are actors sitting at that table over there.

He (suspiciously)—How do you know?

She—Why, because they keep looking around to see if people are watching them. Actors always do that to advertise themselves, you know.

And the waiter brought the checks.—Boston Journal.

Hardiness of the Crape Myrtle.

Philadelphia is about as far north as the crape myrtle proves hardy. Though killed to the ground, it will push up and flower like a herbaceous plant. Possibly it would give an attraction to gardens, in this herbaceous way, much farther north than Philadelphia. Several correspondents write that it is not always killed down even so far north as Philadelphia. One at Chestnut Hill, a part of Philadelphia, instances a specimen, 5 to 6 feet high, which must have passed several wintesr unharmed.—Meehan's Monthly.

Act In the Present.

Don't keep alabaster boxes of love and sympathy to break over coffins. Living is none too sweet at best, and flowers on the coffin cast no backward fragrance.

What do the dead care for the tender token,
The love, the praise, the floral offering?
But living, palpitating hearts are broken
For the want of just these things.
—Selected.

Alexander the Great, about B. C. 400, made an attempt to introduce many Asiatic plants into Europe. Rice was among the number, but the Greeks did not take kindly to its cultivation, preferring to import it from India and Egypt.

Philip I of France fell out with the queen, turned her out of doors and married the wife of a nobleman, giving the unique reason, "I like her better than I do my wife and can provide for her better than her husband can."

COMPETITION IN BABIES.

Wherein a Word to a Wise Papa Ought to Be Sufficient.

"I am getting to be the most barefaced and versatile liar on earth," said the bachelor, "and it's all on account of two little innocent babies. Two of my friends at the office have recently been invested with the honor of paternity—both boys. Prouder papas you never saw. One of them, Jones, is an amateur photographer, and the other day he took a picture of his baby and brought it to the office.

"Of course you know how intelligent a child of one month looks," continued the bachelor, stroking his bald head with the air of a connoisseur in infancy, "but the boys in the office were loyal. They swore it was the brightest looking kid they had ever seen and that it was the image of Jones.

"If it had been any one else's child, Jones would have knocked somebody down for the insult, but he took it as a great compliment and stuck the picture up in a frame on his desk.

"This was too much for Smith—the other papa. He hasn't any camera of his own, so he got a young man who lives next door to come in and take his baby's picture, and he brought it down to the office as an opposition to Jones'. Really I'm sorry for Smith if his baby looks like that picture, but I rather think the amateur artist libeled the child and made it the monster it appears.

"The picture was not focused properly. It represents Smith in the background holding on his knee a mammoth infant nearly as big as he is. The baby's hands are outstretched toward the camera and look as though they might belong to Mr. Fitzsimmons or Mr. Corbett. Smith thought it was beautiful, and when some one suggested that the boy looked just exactly like him he ordered drinks all around and put the picture up on his desk as a further opposition to Jones'.

"Every time I come into the office I have to stop and admire those pictures, and I'm acquiring great self control by keeping a straight face whenever Jones or Smith says, 'And still you will remain a bachelor, will you?'"—New York Herald.

BREAKFAST IN BED.

This Is the Way In Which to Enjoy the Height of Luxury.

There is nothing which gives one quite the same feeling of luxury and affluence as breakfasting in bed—that is, unless one is forced to do it. Then it seems merely an annoyance. But when the woman whom unkind fate and domestic or business duties usually force to be up with the lark can lie in bed and have a daintily appointed breakfast tray brought up to her she feels that the final joy of sybaritism is hers.

Sunday morning is the best time for the daughter of toil to indulge in this luxurious habit. If she is a churchgoing woman, she may manage by having breakfast at 9:45. If she desires to be both pious and lazy, there are those who compromise by reading morning service in bed, and their method is perhaps not to be despised.

The first step toward enjoying this luxury is to have one's warm bath, hair brushing and the like. Then slipping on a bath robe or a dressing sack, the seeker after luxury should slip back into bed, adjust her pillows comfortably and proceed to enjoy her breakfast. It should be an unusually dainty one and served with the most appetizing regard for appearances. The tray should be covered with a delicately embroidered cloth. The china pot in which the coffee comes up should be as pretty as coffeepots can be, the sugar basin and cream jug the very perfection of daintiness. There should be a little glass bowl of mignonette or violets, or a couple of carnations, or even some fragrant green geranium stalks. A bunch of grapes, duskily purple or pink and opal, coffee clear as amber and fragrant as only coffee can be, toast, a slice of bacon and an egg or eggs boiled form a breakfast fit to serve on the pretty tray.

If the woman who breakfasts in bed will proceed to spend the rest of the day there, sleeping when she can, reading a little, entirely undisturbed by the cares of her household, she will ward off the approach of hideous old age half a decade.—Philadelphia Press.

She Listened.

Miss C.'s portrait hung on the wall at the exhibition. Miss C. hung around her portrait. Miss C. had lips that an ablebodied man would walk five miles to kiss. Her eyes were twin stars. Upon her forehead hung two beautiful curls—twin curls. Miss C. was delightful to behold.

She was immersed in the study of her catalogue. Of course she was not there to listen to the comments.

"Beautiful picture, isn't it?"

"Yes; I wonder if it's true to life?"

"I don't know. It's awfully pretty anyway."

"It is pretty. The features are perfect, but I don't think she looks very intelligent."

Miss C., with a crimson face, slapped her book shut and walked away.—New York World.

The Modern Style.

The prospective purchaser of a city house built to sell was consulting with a real estate agent.

"I think I have one to suit you," said the agent. "It is in a good neighborhood and has all the modern conveniences."

"I'd expect that," replied the purchaser. "What I didn't want was one with all the modern inconveniences."—Detroit Free Press.

Next Morning.

Wriggs—Old fellow, you're looking very rocky. What's the matter?

Jagway—I've got a chestnut sorrel taste in the roof of my mouth and a chrome yellow taste on my tongue, and the two don't harmonize.—Chicago Tribune.

GROCERIES

AT THE

Lowest Bedrock Prices.

SBARBORO & CO.

At their old-established place of business

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Read this List and be Convinced that SBARBORO & CO. are making the Greatest Reduction of the age in

GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, Etc.

ALL KINDS OF SUGAR

Sold at Wholesale Prices in quantities to suit.

Fine Family Flour, $2.60 $3, $3.25 per bbl.
Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
Sago 25 lbs. for $1.
Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.
Full Cream Cheese, 10c. and 12½c. per lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.
Eastern Hams, 14c. per lb.
Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.
15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.
Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.
Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.
Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.
Port Wine, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Sherry, 75c. $1, and $1.50 gal.
Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.
Irish Whisky, $3.00 per gal.
All Wines and Liquors at Reduced Rates.

All Articles Guaranteed as to Quality.

NEW HOLIDAY GOODS

ALL OTHER

Groceries

AND

Provisions

At the Same Reasonrble, Low Rates

Country Orders Respectfully Solicited

SBARBORO & CO.

Pioneer Grocers

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Send for monthly catalogue.

Country Produce Exchange

City Orders Called For

Telephone number 180.

The California Catholic

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Henry I. Fisher, Editor & Publisher
OFFICE. 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—$1.50 per year, strictly in advance.

Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents year additional. Portions of a year, pro rata.

No papers sent to any address after expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

Trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. For sale by all newsdealers.

Make all checks, drafts, express and post-office orders payable to HENRY I. FISHER, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of December.

Dec. 23—Fourth Sunday in Advent. St. Vincent's Asylum.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, December 29th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Dec. 23, Sunday—4th of Advent—St. Victoria, V. M. (253.)
Dec. 24, Monday—Vigil—St. Irmine and Adele, V. M. (740.)
Dec. 25, Tuesday—(Of Precept)—Christmas—Nativity of Our Lord.
Dec. 26, Wednesday—St. Stephen, First Martyr (35.)
Dec. 27, Thursday—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist (101.)
Dec. 28, Friday—Holy Innocents, M. M.
Dec. 29, Saturday—St. Thomas á Becket, Bp. M. (1170.)

Peace on Earth, To Men of Good Will.

The Evangelical prophet foretold "a child is born, unto us a son is given: and His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." The clash of arms in the Roman Empire was stilled when the Angelic Heralds proclaimed "On earth peace to men of good will. The missionaries of Jesus were on entering to say "Peace be to this house." His own gracious salutation after He rose from the dead was always, "Peace be with you." And in that loving discourse at His Last Supper this blessed Peace He bequeaths "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give you, not as the world giveth, give unto you." Peace to the intellect by the light of faith destroying all doubt; Peace to the will by the power to conform to God's law; Peace to sensual passions by the efficacy of grace; Peace in sorrow, in misery, in poverty, by the divine promise of everlasting joy that eye hath not seen nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. This is the Peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, which will keep our hearts and minds in Jesus Christ.

But as St. Augustine, the doctor of grace, reminds us, "He who made us without us, will not save us without us." And so the Angels' message is to men of good will. To earnest seekers of the truth, to the prayerful, to the listeners of the voice of the spirit within us, to those who feed on the Bread of Life in the Sacraments, to those who "use the world" as though they used it not, to sinners who repent, to those who keep themselves unspotted from this world comes the joy of a good Conscience and Peace on Earth.

Emmanuel: or God With us.

We are not left orphans. On our Altars is God made Man. As truly as the Son of God in His divine and human nature was present and was adored by the Shepherds, so as truly is the same Son of God with His Divine and human nature entire in our Tabernacles receiving the adoration of the faithful. The eyes saw but a Babe in Bethlehem, our bodily senses do but see the sensible qualities of bread and wine, but our minds enlightened by faith confess the living real substantial presence of the Savior Jesus under these Sacramental Veils. Exhorting and only just short of commanding Holy Church invites us to receive the Bread of Life, the Son of Man. On us she has imposed fasting and praying during the Advent to prepare us by repentance and confession to come to this Divine Banquet. As Christmas day approached her priests have cried aloud between the Altar and the people: "O Wisdom, come and teach us the way of prudence; O Adonai, come to redeem us; O Root of Jesse, come to liberate us; O Key of David, come and deliver us from the house of prison; O Orient, come and illuminate us seated in darkness; O King of the nations, come and save mankind; O Emmanuel King and Law bearer, come and save us O Lord our God." Listen to the cries of your Mother the Church, approach the tribunal of Penance and feast at the Table of the Lord. Then shall we with gladdened hearts proclaim: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, come let us rejoice."

The King of Kings.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews," asked the Wise men of the East. Born of the Royal house of David, there was to be for Him an everlasting Kingdom, wherein He was to be unceasingly present morally by His divine Power. This Kingdom is His Church possessed of Divine Revelation to instruct men in the ways of God, and of the Sacraments to dispense the means of grace to us poor wayfarers in our earthly exile. To the poor and the rich, to the learned and unlearned, to the just and to sinners, comes His gracious invitation 'Enter.' His Vicar on Earth once more calls the Christian World to be of this Kingdom of Christ. Let us as true fervent adorers of the Babe of Bethlehem pray for this blessed union. And specially pray that in our own country dissensions among powers that be, and disobedience of those who are subordinate, may cease to be stumbling blocks in the way of those seeking for unity. Let us ever remember the words of St. Vincent of Lerins "in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, IN OMNIBUS CARITAS."

By way of contempt, the Ritualists in England lately invented, and their brethren in the States have applied "Italian Mission" to the Apostolic jurisdiction of the Pope in the British Isles. The historian Green tells us, that Augustine and his companions sent by Pope St. Gregory the Great were called "Strangers from Rome." We are nicknamed Romanists and Papists. With much subtlety the opponents of the Church stigmatize her and her children. But what is begotten of their malice, is by providential over-ruling turned to their confusion. There is little doubt that 'Christian' was first applied opprobiously to the followers of our Lord at Antioch. What a glorious title it has become! Little did they imagine who blasphemously attributed the God-Man's power to the Prince of devils, that they were unwittingly proclaiming His divine dominion and power over "the rulers of the darkness of this world". So too our Ritualistic brethren by their would-be offensive epithets unsuspectingly point to the Key Stone of the arch of spiritual authority.

Leo XIII is the two hundred and fifty sixth successor of St. Peter. Fifteen popes were Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, three Spaniards, two Africans, two Dalmatians; one was an Englishman, one was a Portuguese, one a Hollander, one a Swiss, and one a Scandinavian. All the others were Italians. Seventy of the number have been canonized. Eight occupied the throne less than one year; twenty two reigned from one to two years; fifty four from ten to fifteen; sixteen from fifteen to twenty; and nine more than twenty. Pius IX governed the Church the longest of all. John XII and Clement XII died at the age of ninety and ninety two respectively, and Gregery IX at the age of one hundred.

Thrice on Christmas day does Holy Church permit her priests to celebrate the Eucharistic Sacrifice. To each person of the ever blessed Tri-une God is the service of thanksgiving offered for His co-operation in the Incarnation. The triple repetition of Holy Mass likewise honors the three-fold birth of the Son of God: His birth in time in the stable of Bethlehem; His spiritual birth by faith and charity in the souls of the faithful; and His eternal birth or generation in the bosom of His Father.

The present custom of erecting cribs in our Churches as an objective way of teaching began as early as the Thirteenth century. Good Santa Claus undertook his loving work long before. Some place his death A. D. 342 that is, his life was spent about the time the first General Council held. Naughty school children must in modern day have disappeared for we hear nothing now of the 'Klaubauf' reserved by Santa Claus for them.

From the Northwest.

Most Rev. Archbishop Gross, of Portland, has delivered to Mgr. Crockett, at the Grand Ronde Indian Agency, a beautiful chalice presented to the venerable prelate by his Holiness, the Pope, in commemoration of his having passed his sixtieth year as an ordained priest. It will be remembered that Father Crockett was recently raised to the dignity of a Monsignor, and this beautifully jewelled chalice is a further mark of the Pope's favor.

On the 10th inst. Archbishop Gross blessed the new residence recently built for Father White, the pastor of Salem. Rev. L. Metayer, of Albany, was among the clergymen present.

Heralds of Christ.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on Earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky.

O clear and shining light! whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams
And on the shepherds' heads!
But near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy and faith,
O clear and shining light.

O star! which led to Him whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Convent of St. Ignatius.

Pierre Loti, the well-known French novelist, is at present travelling over the continent of Europe. He has recently visited the convent of St. Ignatius Loyola—the birth-place, so to speak, of the Jesuit Society, and where the election of each General of that Order takes place. Loti contributes to a Parisian magazine an article on this famous ecclesiastical edifice. From this contribution I translate the following description of it, says Eugene Davis:

"The convent is far away from town and village, and forms an imposing mass of buildings surrounding the chapel, which is in the shape of a basilica, and built of white and black marble. Everything about the monastery is severely simple, if we except the room which was once the cell of the illustrious founder of the Jesuit Society. This apartment has been remodelled into a chapel, and is now of fairy-like magnificence, adorned with red brocade, each object in it is of gold, and in a number of reliquaries are to be seen fragments of the humble habit, and pieces of the bones of St. Ignatius Loyola. The monastery, which is also a training school for students, aspiring to become members of the Order, is so spacious that its numberless passages give the visitor the impression of a labarinth, The walls are whitewashed, and each corrider is lined with doors opening into narrow cells. On each door is written the name of its present occupant—French, Russian, English and German names being almost as numerous as the Spanish. The strangest feature of the Loyola seems to be the tiny feudal castle, around which the monastery was built. The Fathers are proud of this strange survival of the Middle Ages. The walls of this ancient structure are composed of rough stones and red brick; and so careful are the Jesuit priests of this curious little fortress that nothing is done which could in any way lead to its destruction, and the great monastery, erected around it, gives it the appearance of a pearl in a shell. The gardens of the monastery are filled withbeds of chrysanthemums, and, strange to say, are surrounded by no wall, or even a hedge. All are free to come in and go out; the doors of the monastery are left unlocked during the day."

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Disguised as a Beggar, the Christ Child Seeks Shelter—A German Legend.

Here is a Christmas story that has been told the little children in Germany for many hundreds of years:

'Twas the night before Christmas. A little child was wandering all alone through the streets of a great city. People were hurrying hither and thither, and express wagons were being rattled through the streets. Even the snowflakes seemed happy with the expectation of the coming Christmas morning.

But the little child seemed to have no home and wandered on from street to street. No one noticed him except perhaps Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and made his fingers tingle. The north wind, too, pierced his ragged garments and made him shiver with cold. Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows in upon the happy children who were trimming Christmas trees and hanging stockings for old Santa Claus to fill.

Cold and alone the little wanderer softly tiptoed his way up to a beautiful window through which he could see a tree loaded with gifts and glittering with lights. He tapped on the glass, but a little girl coming to the window frowned and shook her head, saying: "Go away. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark street he went. Coming to another happy home, where he heard the song and laughter of merry children, he climbed up the broad steps and gently tapped on the door. It was opened by a tall footman in white hat and gloves. He looked at the child then sadly shook his head and said: "Go down off the steps. There is no room for such as you here."

Again and again the little child rapped softly at door or window pane. At each place he was refused admission. Later grew the night and colder blew the wind. Farther and farther the little one wandered. The street was lengthy, when suddenly there shone ahead of him a single ray of bright light. He hurried on, saying, "I will go where the little light beckons me."

He soon reached the end of the street and went straight up to the window from which the light was streaming. It was a poor, little, low house. What do you suppose the light came from? A tallow candle. Looking in, the little one saw standing upon a small wooden table a branch of a Christmas tree. Near the fire sat a lonely faced mother, with a baby on her knee and an older child beside her. She was telling them a Christmas story.

The little wanderer crept closer and closer to the window pane. So sweet seemed the mother and so loving the children that he took courage and tapped gently, very gently, on the door. The mother stopped talking; the little children looked up. "What was that, mother?" asked the little girl. "I think it was some one at the door. Run quickly, dear, for it is too cold a night to keep any one waiting in the storm."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the little stranger, cold and shivering, clothed in rags, and his little feet almost bare. "Oh, you poor, dear child! Come in quickly and get warm. Have you no home? No Christmas to celebrate?"

The mother put her arms around the strange child and drew him close to her. She sat beside the fire with the little one on her knee, and her own two little ones warmed his half frozen hands and, bending low over his head, kissed the little wanderer's brow. They gave him the bowl of bread and milk that had been put away for their own breakfast, and when he had eaten it the little girl said, "Now let us light the Christmas tree and share our presents with this little child."

So busy were they lighting the tree and getting the presents ready that they did not notice that the room had filled with a strange and beautiful light.

They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer was. His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful. His tangled curls seemed like a halo of golden light, and his face shone with a light that they could scarcely look upon.

The little room seemed to grow larger, the roof of the low house to expand and rise until it reached the sky.

With a sweet smile the child looked upon them for a moment and then slowly rose and floated through the air, higher even than the clouds themselves, until he appeared like a shining star in the sky and at last disappeared from sight.

The wondering children turned and whispered to the mother, "Oh, mother, it was the Christ child!" And the mother said in a low tone, "Yes, my children."—Exchange.

WALKING IN THE RAIN.

A Form of Open Air Exercise That Has Certain Attractions of Its Own.

"What am I going to do?" repeated the returned exile. "Why, I'm going to take a walk in the rain. It's a trick I learned in 'Hengland, dear boy,' and it's one of the most charming forms of exercise on top of this green earth. You see my costume—well, it's the dead copy of that in which a Cornish squire of my acquaintance used to walk in rainy weather over the downs that make up most of his estate. My laced shoes, you perceive, come well up the ankle, have heavy cork soles and have just been treated to a good rubbing in of cold cream. I have stout woolen stockings and knickerbockers on, so as to avoid the flapping and contact of the wet trousers, and this cape mackintosh comes down pretty near to my heels. My underclothing is thick, but not heavy, and my clothes are of rough tweed that wouldn't be damaged if you let 'em lie in a stream for a week. Instead of a collar, I wear a light silk scarf around my neck, over which I turn my coat collar and button it up so. This hat is a waterproof fore and after.

"Umbrella? Why, of course not. That would destroy the very spirit, the very joy, of the experience, which is to feel the rain beating in your face, the wet wind whistling about your ears and the weather banging you about generally. You may not like it at first, but you soon will, and then you'll find there's a sort of wild joy about the thing that you can't resist.

"Catch cold? Why, of course not. In fact, a course of walking in the rain is one of the best preventives against taking cold. So long as you're moving briskly there's no danger of taking cold, no matter how wet it may be. It's the standing or sitting in wet things that's so dangerous, and so you must just walk from the time you leave the house until you get back, and then, when you do get back, strip off everything and give yourself a good rub. And if as you put on your dry things you do not feel a new man with a new zest for the struggle of life then I don't know a banana from an express wagon."—New York Sun.

By Wholesale.

A young lady who was in a hurry to take a train and wanted to buy a small shopping bag walked into a wholesale establishment by mistake.

"Will you show me a bag, please?" she began, but the clerk interrupted her politely.

"We sell nothing at retail," he said. "I could only let you have bags by the quantity."

"Dear me! Not one bag?"

"No, madam. I'm very sorry."

"And I'm in such a hurry! Well!"

She turned toward the door, and her eye was caught by a sample bag on the counter.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "that's exactly the bag I want! Couldn't you sell me the twelfth of a dozen?"

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Successful Donation Party at Marysville.

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Gather Farrelly of Visalia Invites Some Protestant Ministers to "Put up or Shut up."

Our usual complete summary of the news of the week will be found in the following columns.

St. Paul's.

The new organ recently constructed for this church was played for the first time last Sunday. The new instrument, which cost $3000, has three manuals, 1531 pipes and thirty-five stops. It is operated by water power. The design is gothic, the woodwork being maple and mahogany. The gallery in which it is located has been enlarged and affords ample acccommodation for the choir. The interior of the church has also been embellished by newly frescoing the sanctuary, which adds considerably to the interior beauty of the church.

Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. M. D. Conolly, the Pastor, with Rev. P. Mulligan as deacon, and Rev. Father McMahon as sub-decon. Rev. P. J. Duffy was master of ceremonies. Mercadentes' mass in G minor was sung by the choir under the direction of Miss Amelia Quinn, the organist, and Prof. Seidel, the director of the Young Men's Choral Socity. On Sunday Prof. Dohrmann, of St. Patrick's Church, presided. The singers at the high mass consisted of the following double quartet: Sopranos, Miss Code, Miss May Riley; altos, Miss Murphy, Miss Harvey; tenors, Ed Torney, J. Lane; bassos; W. Lane and W. O'Brien.

The sermon was delivered by his Grace Archbishop Riordan, who spoke first upon the important place occupied by music in the divine worship. The second part of the Archbishop's sermon was devoted to the gospel of the day. In the short homily on this subject he exhorted the congregation te take lessons of purity of heart from the example set by the life of St. John the Baptist.

Solemn high vespers were sung in the evening, the Young Men's Choral Society furnishing the music. The society is composed of about forty men and boys, who have been training for the occasion for the past three weeks. Their music was really excellent. In addition the regular choir sang Rossini's "O Salutaris" and Rossi's "Tantum Ergo." Very Rev. J. Prendegast, V. G., preached the sermon in the evening. The attendance at both services was very large.

Visalia.

An itinerant "ex-priest" recently made the statement in Visalia, that of the 800 teachers in the San Francisco school department, two-thirds or over were Catholics. This was endorsed by three Protestant ministers, R. H. Bateman. J. C, Elliott and H. S. Munger. Father Farrelly, pastor at Visalia, has called upon them for proof, and published a long letter in the Times, wherein he says in part, that he has deposited $500 with the cashier of the local bank, to be paid to the ministers on proof satisfactory to three Protestant gentlemen of the community being furnished. In order to prevent the cry of "gambling," Father Farrelly offers to donate the $500 to the poor of Visalia in case he wins. In his letter Father Farrelly says:

"I am willing to leave it to the Rev. Mr. Edwards, pastor of the M, E. church, south, William Alford and Ben Maddox; or again, Rev. T. W. Pendergrass, Presbyterian minister, N. O. Bradley and Judge Gray; or again, George Stewart (of the Delta) Mr. Farnsworth and Judge Cross. All these gentlemen are protestants and two of them pastors of protestant congregations. No one to my knowledge has ever charged any of these gentlemen with the awful crime of being a Catholic."

So far the ministers have remained silent.

Oakland.

As announced in last week's CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, Rev. Father McSweeney will leave on the 5th prox. for a visit to his native land. During the course of his trip he will visit his mother iu Ireland. During the eight years of Father McSweeney's pastorate in St. Francis de Sales' parish he has accomplished wonders. The building of two churches alone was more than an ordinary man would accomplish, yet Father McSweeney has done even more than this. He has also in connection with his church established flourishing schools, under charge of the Sisters of the Holy Names and Christian Brothers. Sodalities and societies for the young and old add further testimony to his unceasing labors.

During his absence Rev. J. F. Byrne, who was formerly his assistant, will have charge of the parish.

Alameda.

To-morrow Father Sullivan will announce the date set for the dedication of the new church. As the building is nearing completion its many beauties become more and more apparent. That it will be the handsomest edifice in town, is conceded by every one.

After two weeks of successful business the fair closed Monday night, the remaining goods were auctioned, and drawings were held for many things. The following is a list of the winning numbers of uncalled for articles:

No. 653, China tea set; No. 442, $20 gold piece; No. 470, set of silver; No. 603, six months' commutation ticket; No. 94, oak bed room set; No. 562, gold watch; No. 31, crayon drawing of Rev. Father Sullivan; No. 88, dinner set, (L. A. S. table); No 70, gold watch. (L. A. S, table); No. 59, oil painting; (S. S. B.)

On Christmas day the choir will sing Giorza's First Mass. At the Offertory Miss Maud Chappell will sing Adam's Noel. The choir will be largely augmented for the occasion.

Old St. Mary's.

Tuesday, Christmas day, will be the fortieth anniversary of the dedication of San Francisco's first cathedral. It was on December 25, 1854, that his Grace, Archbishop Alemany, dedicated the building which it was supposed would suffice for many years. According to Father Prendergast, who was pastor at the time, the building "was way out of town." The changes that have occurred since then are many, and would furnish quite a part of the ecclesiastical history of the State.

High mass will be celebrated at 11 o'clock on Christmas day, and the music will be a special feature. Father Brady will preach the sermon, which will be a history of Christmas observances in all lands.

Father Otis has not yet arrived, although he is expected shortly.

St. Francis.

Christmas masses will be celebrated at 5, 5:45, 6;30, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 10, 10:30 and 11 o'clock. At the 5 o'clock high mass, St. Francis Choral Society of thirty voices will render "Missa Pro Pace," by La Hache; Offertory "Adeste," by Novello. "Noel," will be sung by Mr. H. Dinan. Soloists: Sopranos, Misses Devine, Parides and Mulcahy; altos, Misses Henneberry, Foley and Guidet; tenors. H. Dinan and J. Hillard; bassos, R. Luhman, E. Luhman and T. O'Brien; violin, R. Ruef; organist and director, Miss A. G. Mogan.

At the 11 o'clock high mass "Paulo Giorza's Mass No. 1," will be sung by the quartett of the choir and a chorus of twenty voices under the direction of Mrs. A. B. Collins, organist, Loretze's "Ave Maria" will be given at the Offertory.

Benediction will follow immediately after high mass, when the choir will render "Noel," by Adams," O Salutaris and Tantum Ergo, by Rossini. Soloists are: Mrs. B. F. Sides, soprano; Misses Henneberry and Brougham, altos; Mr. Walsh, tenor; Mr. Woodbridge, basso.

The regular monthly meeting of the Young Men's Society was held last Tuesday, when the following gentlemen were elected to membership: Dr. J. E. Artignes, Ed. J. Duane and Jas. McDonnell.

A committee consisting of D. A. Campbell, E. J. McLane, R. H. Luhman Wm. T. Ryan and P. P. Vlauten, were appointed to arrange for a grand entertainment to be given by the Society at California Hall, 620 Bush street, on Feb. 8th.

The Society was entertained by Dan Williams with a banjo solo, R. H. Luhman with a bass solo; a Sandow exhibition by Jos. Moran, and fancy billiard shots by Dennis Manning, brought the meeting to a close.

Marysville.

Branch No. 2, of the Catholic Ladies' Relief Society, gave a very successful donation party on Monday evening at Red Men's Hall. The admission fee was a package of provisions, orders for groceries, clothing or money, and a considerable quantity was realized. Good music and a well arranged program of dances were the interesting features of the evening.

The following are the officers of the Branch: Past President, Mrs. P. J. Flannery; President, Miss Lizzie Brass; Sr. Vice-President, Mrs. L. C. Williams; Jr. Vice-President. Mrs, M. Scrivener; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. Tomb; Treasurer, Miss M. Tyrrell: Recording Secretary, Miss M. Mannix. Financial Secretary, Mrs. S. Harkey: Marshal, Miss M. Lowery: Inside Guard, Miss M. Divver. Board of Directors—Mrs. H. Berg, Mrs. C. Berg, Mrs. P. J. Flannery, Mrs. J. Tomb and Mrs. M. Sullivan.

Santa Clara.

The St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society held its annual election recently, with the following result; Director, Rev. J. F. Collins, S. J.; Prefect, Charles Graham; Treasurer, Albert Bender; Secretary, Francis Foley; Prefects, Charles and Aloysius Grisley.

Los Angeles.

The Catholic ladies' reading circle, which was organized last week with a membership of seventy, met last Friday evening at the Sisters' School on Los Angeles street, and after a pleasant talk from Bishop Montgomery, who is the founder of the circle, a thorough course of reading and instruction, to be varied by monthly lectures was agreed upon.

St. Ignatius.

On Christmas day, at the solemn high mass at 10:30 o'clock, Fanconier's mass will be sung by the male choir of one hundred voices, accompanied by an orchestra of fifty pieces. The music promises to be the finest ever rendered in this city.

The Sisters of Mercy.

Friday, the 7th inst., was the fortieth anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters of Mercy on this coast, the pioneers of the order which has extended both north and south, and has hospitals, schools and institutions in nearly every county of the State. When the original band landed here on the evening of the 7th of December, 1854, they became the guests of the Sisters of Charity, who were conducting their orphan asylum on the present site of of the Palace Hotel. After this a temporary location was secured on Stockton street, near the old City and County Hospital,

Then the Sisters moved into the more pretentious brick building located on Stockton street, between Broadway and Vallejo, which yet stands. This served for a few years and then the fame of the care of the Sisters made another change imperative, and in November, 1861, they moved into their present location on First and Bryant streets. The next winter came the great floods in Sacramento, and for several weeks the Sisters sheltered several hundred of the families driven from their homes by the flood. Two additions have since been built to the hospital, and at the present time St. Mary's Hospital can accommodate one hundred and fifty patients.

In every detail St. Mary's Hospital is a model institution. Dr. T. E. Bailey is the present resident physician, and on the visiting staff are many noted physicians, like Dr. Luke Robinson, Dr. A. T. Leonard, Dr. W. S. Thorn and others. The very best medical skill of the city is available at St. Mary's. Added to this the experienced and tender nursing of the Sisters of Mercy makes it an ideal place for the sick. Mother Russell, who has so long been identified with the hospital, exercises a watchful care over every detail, and makes the stay of of the sick as pleasant as possible while under her charge,

In addition to the care of the sick, the Sisters of Mercy conduct the old ladies' home, adjoining the hospital. They have in contemplation the erection of another and more pretentious home on a tract of land at Fruitvale, which is an ideal place for the purpose. From St. Mary's Hospital the Sisters also take charge of the parish school of St. Brendan's. Their work at the Magdalen Asylum is also well known. In addition to these, the Sisters are in charge of the parochial schools in St. Peter's parish, this city, and St. Anthony's parish, East Oakland.

This in brief is the growth in forty years of the small band of Sisters who landed here forty years ago, on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

"Christmas Thoughts."

How happy, yet sad, Christmas seems
As we sit by the firelight's glow,
And a mantle of white covers the ground,
And capped are the hills with snow.

That lonely chair in its own sad way,
Speaks of the long gone years
Of the absent friend on Christmas eve
That dims our eyes with tears.

Of the outcast wandering through the night,
Perchance from their own loved cot,
Where the sorrowing mother awaits her child,
As she sits alone and forgot.

Of the orphan child on these happy days,
No mother to love or cheer,
To them these festive days do seem
So lonely and so drear.

We turn our thoughts to other years
To Bethlehem so far away,
Where the Nazarene was born
On that joyous Christmas day.

To the time He walked the earth,
By the Jordan's flowing tide
May that peace from heaveu above
Cast o'er thee its brightest glow.

On Christmas day recall these thoughts
Oh, every heart so glad and gay
The memories of our Savior's life
Bring peace to all, this blessed day.

And as the everlasting years will roll
And Christmas-tide will come and go,
May that peace from heaven above
Cast o'er thee its brightest glow.

J. WALTER REID.

THE BETTER WAY.

Shall we fold the tiny garments
That our darling used to wear,
Lay aside the half worn dresses,
Put them all away with care?

Brooding o'er them long and often,
Bringing back our grief and pain,
Holding to our hearts our sorrow,
Living o'er our loss again?

Shall we do this while about us
By the hundreds everywhere,
Suffering for the help withholden,
There are children sweet and fair?

Children needing just the garments,
Dresses, skirts and half worn shoes—
Garments that our grief has hoarded,
Garments our hearts dread to lose?

Give them what our child once needed,
But no longer needs, we know.
She is clothed in lovely garments,
White and pure as drifted snow.

Helping lighten others' burdens,
We of use are to the race,
And we seem to see a glad smile
On our darling's happy face.

—Exchange.

It Beats Acting.

They had just emerged from the telephone exchange where they were employed.

"Sometimes," said one of them, "I think that I would like to be famous; that I would like to go on the stage and act or on the lecture plaform. Then, again, I think not."

"I think not all the time," was the positively spoken rejoinder.

"Still it must be nice to play upon the emotions of the multitude."

"Of course it is. That's what makes it so jolly in the telephone exchange. When we talk sweetly to some man through the phone, I can tell by the way he coos back that he is smirking in the most absurd manner. And if I want to make him angry I can tell him the line's busy and ring in his ear. I tell you, my dear, when it comes to playing on the emotions of the multitude Sarah Bernhardt will have to give extra matinees if she wants to surpass us in opportunity."—Kate Field's Washington.

The Donkey Vanished.

In general we may say that the donkeys belong to a vanishing state of human culture, to the time before carriage ways existed. Now that civilization goes on wheels they seem likely to have an ever decreasing value. A century ago they were almost everywhere in common use. At the present time there are probably millions of people in the United States to whom the animal is known only by description. In a word, the creature marks a stage in the development of our industries which is passing away as rapidly as that in which the spinning wheel and the hand loom played a part.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

A pupil of the late Professor Helmholtz relates that when his master had discovered the velocity of nerve currents by the aid of electric measurements Alexander von Humboldt remarked to Du Bois-Reymond, "Then nerve currents move only three times as fast as the Orinoco."

Fine wines and liqours for holiday use—finest grades, lowest prices, at Sbarboro & Co.'s, 531 Washington street. *

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANcisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner of Webb—For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent per annum on Term deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the 2nd of January, 1895.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

EXTRA XMAS FREE

SUGAR and CREAM CHOCOLATE WITH TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, AT GREAT AMERICAN IMPORTING TEA CO.

140 Sixth street
1419 Polk street
521 Montgomery ave
3006 Sixteenth street
2008 Fillmore street
522 Kearny street
965 Market street
333 Hayes street
218 Third street
104 Second street
146 Ninth street
2510 Mission street
124 Fourth street
52 to 58 Market
} San Francisco Stores

917 Broadway
1275 San Pablo ave
619 E Twelfth street
Park st. & Alameda ave
} OAKLAND ALAMEDA

Get Your Christmas } TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES AT OUR STORES.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Kohler & Chase

Kohler & Chase keep in stock all the leading makes of PIANOS, offering unequalled advantages to customers who are seeking the best instruments at the lowest possible prices.
1013 BROADWAY, OAKLAND, Cal.

Frank T. Shea Will D. Shea
Shea & Shea
ARCHITECTS
6 Montgomery St., San Francisco
Telephone 911.

Painless Extraction a Specialty!!
DENTISTRY
In all its Branches.
Dr. T. H. Morris,
SURGEON DENTIST
47 POST STREET
Rooms 1, 2 and 9
Corner Kearny, San Francisco

John J. Clark
ARCHITECT
ROOM 70, ST. ANN'S BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO
Office Hours, 1 to 3 P. M.

John T. Greany
Attorney-at-Law
14 GRANT AVENUE, San Francisco

McGinn Bros
Funeral Directors
31 EDDY STREET, San Francisco
TELEPHONE 3252

Jas. English T. R. Carew
CAREW & ENGLISH
Undertakers and Embalmers
FUNERAL * DIRECTORS
19 VAN NESS AVENUE
Near Market St., San Francisco
Telephone 3156

H. B. McAvoy H. J. Gallagher
McAVOY & GALLAGHER
[Successors to Flanagan and Gallagher.]
FUNERAL * DIRECTORS
NO. 20 FIFTH ST.
Opp. Lincoln School, S. F.
The Finest Funeral Furniture, Hearses, Carriages, etc., always on hand and furnished at the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 308

Choice Catholic Literature.

Suitable for the Home, or Sunday School Library.

Elegant 18mo cloth bound books with gilt side name and stamp, offered at ONE-HALF the regular price.

SUITABLE FOR Christmas Presents

At the suggestion of a number of the reverend clergy we have determined to offer the choice of any one of the following elegantly bound books, containing choice Catholic Stories, mainly for young people, at one-half the regular price. Every book has been approved by ecclesiastical authority, and all are by approved Catholic writers.

Price 20 cents each and one coupon for each book.

SPECIAL RATES IN QUANTITIES TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

READ THE LIST.

Adventures of Travel
Affections, Tales of the
Agnes, and other Sketches
Angels' Visits
Angel Dreams
Antonio; or, the Orphan of Florence
Apprentice (The), and other Sketches
Artists [Catholic], Tales of
Bad Example
Beautiful Little Rose
Chapel of the Angels
Crusade of the Children
Ellerton Priory
Emma's Cross, and other Tales
Faith and Loyalty and the Chip Gatherers
Florestine
Frederick Wilmot
Harry O'Brien, and other Tales
Hermit of Mt. Atlas
Honor O'More's Three Homes
Hope of the Katzekopfs
Idleness and Industry
James Chapman
Joe Baker
Lame Millie
Leo: or, The Choice of a Friend
Lepanto, Battle of, etc
Madeleine, the Rosiere
Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nettlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys [The] and the Boy and the Man
Scrivener's Daughter and Orange Girl
Select Popular Tales
Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfrie, and other Tales
South of France, Tales of the
Stories of Other Lands
Tales for the Young
Truth and Trust
Two Painters, the
Uncle Edward's Stories
Young Astronomer, The
Young Emigrants, The

Make selections of one or more, indicating first, second or third choice. Owing to our distance from the source of supply it may be impossible always to keep a stock of each number on hand.

BOOK COUPON.

This coupon when accompanied by 20 cents will entitle the holder to choice of any Book in above list offered by the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Henry I. Fisher,
Editor and Publisher
Room 10, Montgomery Block, 628 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

THE MOTHER WHO DIED TOO.

She was so little—little in her grave,
The wide earth all around so hard and cold—
She was so little! Therefore did I crave
My arms might still her tender form infold.
She was so little, and her cry so weak
When she among the heavenly children came.
She was so little, I alone might speak
For her who knew no word nor her own name.

—Edith M. Thomas in Century.

AN ALPINE YARN.

It was some four and twenty years ago, I am sorry to say, when as a young man I found myself in the Rhone valley, in Switzerland. I wasn't at all a practical sort of youth, like you fellows, and I'm bound to say I was just idling about there, staring at mountains, finding out the places famous in history, sketching and all the rest of it, but I enjoyed myself uncommonly in my own way, and so one evening I got to Brieg, which you may or may not know is an old town on the Swiss side of the celebrated Simplon pass leading into Italy.

I was a good deal too late to clash with many British tourists. The fact is it was December, and I had the hotel to myself. But the winter that year was altogether abnormally late, and there was, they told me, hardly any snow on the pass up to Berisal. If I chose to walk into Italy the next day, I might easily do it, spending one night at the hospice on the way.

The hotel proprietor who told me this added with a wink:

"But you must be careful, sare. There is bad characters about. There has been found several dead bodies in the Saltine the last year, and they was all with empty pockets."

I laughed at this. I flattered myself that my revolver and I could account for any moderate dangers of that kind. As for concerted brigandage, the time for that had long gone by.

The next morning was lovely, with a blue sky and a thin mist which did not hide either the snow or the high Alps or the heavens above them. I strode out of Brieg toward the mountains, feeling as one does feel in youth on the eve of a splendid excursion.

I had got to the last little cluster of dark colored houses before the pines on the slope on the north side of the Ganten when a good looking Italian accosted me. I was in the humor to be sociable and readily accepted his offer to rest a moment or two in his chalet, which was close by.

It was here that I saw the girl who is my wife, though she is not a girl now, as you may suppose. I lost my heart to her as one does now and then to a girl. I'm not going to describe her as she then seemed to me—you fellows can hardly expect it—but I very soon saw that she felt an interest in me, and the realization quickened my pulse, I can tell you.

Well, I rested longer than I intended and was mighty vexed to have to stir at last.

"If I might hope to call again when I return," I said as I held the girl's hand for a moment in mine.

Her face satisfied me she was interested in me, and yet when her father, with a cheerful sort of grin, said that he meant to accompany me for a mile or two, "to show you the old road, signor, which is much shorter," she made objections which struck me at the time as very odd. "Made objections," I say, but it was a deal more than that. She began to cry, in fact, so that I seconded her and tried to persuade her father that he had better stay where he was.

The man insisted, however—politely enough, I must admit—and so we started, he looking rather wild, as if he didn't appreciate that domestic scene, and I feeling as if I'd willingly give up the Simplon and everything else to spend a day in that quiet chalet, with that pretty girl's gentle, kindly face beaming upon me. There was a sadness about the girl that won me as much as anything else.

But we hadn't been gone more than half an hour from the chalet when I understood what it all meant.

By this time we were about 11,000 feet above the Saltined stream, which brawls from the high Alps at the bottom of this fearful ravine. We were on the old road, just a mule track scratched in the side of the perpendicular rocks only four or five feet wide and with this alarming precipice to the right.

One of us had to precede the other, and it was I who took the lead.

I was still thinking more of the pretty girl than the scenery when I felt a cruel blow on the back of my head. It laid me down in an instant, more than half unconscious. I was robbed—watch, purse, passport and all except the revolver, which I carried on the hip. Then the wretch tilted me over the rock, and it seemed to me I was dead.

But of course I wasn't dead, though it was well on in the afternoon before I could stir to realize it. I had caught in one of those gnarled old fir trees which grow out from the Simplon rocks almost at right angles to them. My God, what a position it it was, to be sure! A fearful depth of sharp mountain side below me and the Glisshorn's precipice across the ravine, with the roaring stream in the gully.

Well, gentlemen, I got out of that hole—I don't much care to think how—and late in the night I crawled back to Brieg, looking, as they told me, like a dead man. But I said nothing about my adventure, for though I owed Caterina's father something considerable in the matter of vengeance I was loath to do anything to cause pain to Caterina herself. You see, I knew now what her entreaties had meant, and I loved her all the more for her tears on my behalf.

The next day, bruised and aching as I was, I returned to Sion. I had a plan in my head.

I staid at Sion a fortnight until I was fairly fit again. Then I returned to Brieg disguised out of all relation to the other fellow who was supposed to be rotting in the icy cleft through which the Saltine runs to the Rhone.

Another thing. I had got from Geneva a pair of excellent handcuffs. You can guess for whom.

This time I spent the night in a different hotel. I did not care to run the slight risk of being detected in my disguise. It might have been awkward, you see.

And so the following morning I set out again as I had set out before.

Now, gentlemen, you will not think me a very soft sort of coon, I hope, when I say the nearer I got to the little village with the small white church in the midst—the village to which Caterina's father's chalet belonged—the less resentment I felt for the old man's past murderous attempt upon my life. I carried a scar or two as the result of that knock and that horrible tip over the cliff, but I was more affected by the thought of seeing Caterina again. And, sure enough, I soon saw her.

The man was toying with an ax upon a pine log in front of the house. I saw his teeth gleam at me while I was yet some little distance away. You see, I had made myself into a middle aged person of great respectability and apparent wealth, a German botanist or geologist or something of that kind. I flattered myself I should prove an irresistible bait.

And so I did.

"My friend," I inquired of him before he had the chance to speak, "is there not a short cut to Berisal from here?"

"Yes, sir," he replied promptly. "I shall take the liberty of showing it to you."

I had changed my voice as well as my appearance. It seemed to me unlikely in the extreme that Caterina could recognize me, and yet ere the man could get his coat and take his stick, a villainous sort of club, who should look out but Caterina herself.

I tell you, gentlemen, I was near giving up my little plan of revenge at sight of her or at least of comproimsing it then and there. She was the same Caterina, with a difference—there was more sadness in her than before. And when she cried, "Father, do not go," this time also it exacted all my self control to help me to dissemble.

We began our climb. When we reached the old mule track, I declined to go first. We had a little wrestle in politeness, as it appeared, but I won the day.

My gentleman stopped nearly at the very spot which had seen my misadventure and turned upon me, with a plea of fatigue. It was just here, too, that I designed giving him his punishment.

"Yes, we will rest," I said. And then in my natural voice, as I covered him with a revolver and held out with the other hand the bracelets I had bought for the purpose, I bade him slip his wrists into the things.

I could have enjoyed the rascal's discomforture if he had been any one's father except Caterina's. As it was, I had to keep my wits about me. When he had got over the first shock at the sight of me (and it was a genuine shock to him), he was clearly bent on trying to get me over the precipice a second time.

But I did not allow him the smallest opening on that score. I had him handcuffed and then set him to return before me to the chalet. His cloak gave him cover for his shame in case we should meet any other travelers.

There was some fine drama in the scene that ensued when I had thus brought him back to his domestic hearth.

"Look, girl!" he cried to his daughter, raising his manacled hands when we were inside the house.

As for me, I could only add, "It is I," and I blushed as I spoke.

Caterina seemed for a moment thunderstruck. I might, if I had not been in love, have expected a joint attack, in which I should assuredly have been annihilated. But I had not misread her interest in me. There was more joy in her face eventually at the realization that I lived than there was sorrow at her father's predicament.

Watching her, I forgot her father and cared nothing for the vengeance I had craved. I was, as I had believed, passionately in love.

Well, gentlemen, it only remains for me to tell you that I married this villain's daughter, and that I have never regretted it. If criminal instincts are hereditary, as our wise men nowadays tell us they are, there must be exceptions. My wife has been a success, and my children do not promise to be extraordinarily bad in character.

* * * * * * *

The young listeners to this story seemed surprised at its issue.

"But, sir," said one of them, "what in goodness did you do with your father-in-law?"

"I arranged for his emigration to America."

"Not North America, I do hope."

"Oh, dear, no—South."—Million.

Defined.

Mrs. Wigglestein—James, it says here in the paper that the entertainment of the evening was a monologue by Miss Curafew. What is a monologue anyway?

Mr. Wigglestein—Oh, it's what I have to listen to for half or three-quarters of an hour whenever I come home unusually late at night.—Somerville Journal.

No Cigarettes at the Club.

In the famous Washington Woman's clubhouse tobacco in all forms is tabooed. Some of the members may smoke an occasional cigarette at home, but it will not be allowed at the club, and the buffet contains no headache makers of any sort.—Washington Correspondent.

In the Penitentiary.

Thief—How do you like your new quarters?

Counterfeiter (just in)—Oh, I guess they are no worse than the half dollars I made that brought me here.—Detroit Free Press.

BIG POKER STORIES.

THEIR TEXT THE REMARKABLE VAGARIES OF LUCK.

Senator Wolcott's Lucky Draw In the "Brace" Game—The Old Red Ear Story Retold In Condensed Form—The Personal Confession of One of "the Company."

"I suppose Senator Wolcott is one of the coolest men living when engaged in a game of chance," said Albert Watson of Denver. "Like most men whose early manhood has been spent on the frontier, he learned the value of a poker hand and the best way to keep cases as soon as he learned law, and he was known as a 'limit' player all over Colorado before his fame as a lawyer had spread outside of Denver. When playing faro, he always did and does yet bet as much on the turn of a card as the dealer will allow him to, and when he sits in a poker game the other people want to keep their eyes wide open and play their cards mighty close up to their chests.

"Wolcott once found himself in a game of poker where three of the other players were playing a sure game. They were professionals and were after a big bundle of money that he had in his possession as well as looking for that which the fifth player, a mining operator named Durkin, was known to have. Wolcott knew in 20 minutes after the first hand was dealt that the intention was to rob him and wearied his wits trying to find a way out of the game without making trouble, but he couldn't discover a means to save him. At last he was dealt a pat flush of diamonds made up of the 5, 7, 8, 9 and jack. He skinned those cards over and did a mighty piece of thinking. He felt in his bones that a flush would be no account in the world when it came to a showdown, but he chipped in and staid to draw cards. To his surprise, he wasn't raised before the draw.

"He looked over his bright red diamonds and concluded to draw a card, in order, if possible, to strengthen the sequence. He pondered a long time between discarding the 5 spot or the picture, and at last tossed away the jack and called for a card. The dealer looked surprised at his wanting any, but gave him the card. Wolcott picked it up and found he had got the 6 spot of diamonds. He never turned a hair. The betting began, and he nursed his sequence of diamonds and just staid along, letting the other fellows do the raising. At last it got down to Wolcott and one of the professionals. Finally there was a call, and the other man showed four queens. Wolcott laid down the 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of diamonds and swept in the pot. The game stopped right there. I reckon that was the greatest piece of luck that any man ever had in a poker game."

When Mr. Watson had concluded his interesting recital and the wonderful draw had been expatiated upon, one of his listeners remarked that he reckoned it was his deal. "This is a story of luck, too," he remarked, "but of a different character from that experienced by Senator Wolcott. A friend of mine who lives out in Maryland was playing in a little poker game not long ago. The paraphernalia of the game was primitive, consisting of a single well thumbed deck of steamboat cards, with grains of corn for chips. My friend was followed by a regular tempest of bad luck, and his corn was down to a very few grains. He agitated his mind for a minute or two and then suddenly announced that he had forgotten to give his horse water and would have to do it. He went out of the house, and being familiar with the premises made his way to the cornhouse, and putting in his hand in the dark got an ear of corn and put it in his pocket. Then he went to the stable, after making a big noise at the pump to let the fellows inside believe he was moistening his animal, and returned in a few minutes to the house. He sat down and proceeded to pull out the 'chips' he had placed in his pocket when he left, and which he had substantially added to meantime. You can imagine his consternation when he found that he drew forth his original dozen white 'chips,' with twice that many red. He had managed to find in the dark the only red ear in the cornhouse."

"I'll make a personal confession after that," said Henry Miller when the laugh subsided. "Some years ago I was prone now and then to indulge in the delights of draw, and there was a friend living near me, over in Georgetown, afflicted with intermittent insanity of the same sort that visited him at intervals coincident with my own. Consequently we usually hunted the animal together. One night we came over this side of the creek together and proceeded to a place on Ninth street, where a public game, with table stakes, was pretty popular. Along about 11 o'clock we both got broke and concluded to go home. The night had grown stormy, and it was sleeting like sin when we left the 'club,' as it was called. A search revealed that we had but one car ticket between us. The bobtail cars, without a conductor, were then used on the Metropolitan line, and we conceived the highly original idea of splitting that ticket in half and dropping the two pieces in the box. We boarded the last car over and carried out our scheme. You may knock me down if both pieces didn't fall in the box white side up. The driver glanced at them and then started to open the door, but we both made a break and got off the car. I made up my mind there that my luck was too utterly bad for a poker player, and walking home through that blizzard I determined to try no more poker, and I haven't touched a card in a money game since."—Washington Star.

Cheyenne is a word of doubtful origin. Some say that it is from the Indian sheyenne, meaning stranger; others that it is French, from chien—dog—and that the town in Wyoming of that name was called so from the prairie dog villages common on the plains.

CHINESE FISHMONGERS.

Their Wares So Tame That They Like to Be Handled.

In Canton the fishmonger's is a most important trade. The Chinaman is a born fisherman. He also has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of live fish for the market. In the shops were displayed live and dead fish, fish fresh and salted, smoked and preserved. One variety was like whitebait, in baskets, graded from tiny things not half an inch long to what appeared to be the same fish grown 8 or 9 inches in length. These were sold fresh salted and smoked. Shark fins are a delicacy. There were fish mottled and barred, bright and dull, fish of quaint and to us unknown shapes, but foremost, above all, and everywhere to be seen, were the artificially grown live fish.

A wonderful creature was this, always appearing to suffer from heat, gasping at the surface of the water for breath and recalling Verdant Green's fish that were beginning to sweat and complain. They were as tame as domestic animals, seemingly careless of being knocked about, thrown from ponds into boats, from boats into tubs, from tubs into buckets and then back into tubs again. They were used to being handled and inspected, and if disapproved put back into the water to be sold, alive if bought whole, or cut to pieces while living and sold in bleeding chunks. A thick, short fish is this, of the mullet shape, averaging about 15 inches in length and weighing about 3 pounds, but sometimes longer, and running up in weight to as much as 4 or even 5 pounds.

When cut up, they bleed like pigs, and to show how freshly they are killed the salesman is in the habit of slicing a live one into pieces, and with the blood smearing all the pieces for sale, so that they look reeking and horrible to European eyes. To keep them alive in the shops they are always placed in a large tub with a smaller vessel fixed above it. From the bottom of the upper vessel a bamboo, with one or two saw cuts in it, sticks out, and from those cuts streams of water flow in thin cascades into the tub beneath. Every now and then, when the upper vessel becomes empty, the fish all rise to the surface, and glop, glop, glop! take down both air and water. Then an attendant, attracted by the noise, plunges a bucket down among them, and from the water in which they swim fills the upper vessel full again.—Century.

FUEL FOR PARIS.

The Coal From Three Countries Is Mixed For Domestic Use.

Whenever possible the Seine is utilized for the transportation of fuel to Paris. Nearly all the great wholesale firms have their yards in the neighborhood of the river. The railroads also bring a great deal of wood and coal to the city. As the trains move slowly through the yards of some of the lines of railroad the passengers can see inclosures filled with cord wood, storehouses of sacks of fuel; also cars loaded with these sacks, which all seem to be of the same size. The opening of the sacks is secured by lacings of cord, and the cords fastened by leads. Here also may be seen, stored on cars, large unperforated briquettes for use in engines and manufactories. Along the embankment of the Seine may be seen hundreds of cords of wood piled in such regular order that one could well believe that the spacings were measured off with a rule.

The coal is from English, French and Belgium mines. Sometimes the three kinds are mixed for use in the kitchen ranges.

The shops for the sale of fuel by retail are almost as numerous as the bakeries. They are always neat, and the wood, coal and kindlings are arranged in a most artistic manner. The wood is piled so as to show the evenly sawed ends. The samples of coal are arranged in glass dishes, and in some of the shops, where orders are taken for the wholesale places, wood is arranged in the windows and decorated with growing moss and ferns. Indeed the chief aim of the French shopkeeper is to make his shop attractive.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cold Weather Suggestions.

As cold weather approaches women try to devise means for preventing hands and lips from chapping. An excellent remedy to prevent chapping is cold cream. A manicure says that it whitens the skin more than any preparation. It has taken the place of the old time remedy—mutton suet. It should be well rubbed into the skin, and gloves, preferably white, slipped on. The palms of the gloves should be slit in several places to allow the air and prevent cramps of the muscles, and the finger tips clipped off. Vaseline should never be allowed to touch the hands. It turns the skin yellow and leaves a stain on the nails that is hard to clear away.

In winter cold water should be used sparingly. Its action roughens the skin unpleasantly. Tepid water, with a very few drops of household ammonia and a good lather of castile or borax soap, is advisable. If the hands are inclined to redness, the trouble lies in the way of circulation, and slight gymnastics will relieve it.

A Case of Step-love.

The girl with the level brows was talking to the man with the Roman nose.

"I don't understand you," she said coldly.

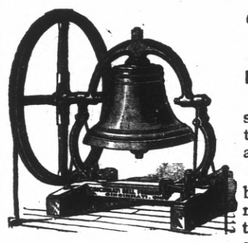
"I asked you if you thought my love would induce"—

"No, it is impossible. You are not my ideal."

"I don't want to be. Please don't interrupt me again. I merely wanted to know if my earnest, devoted love would"—

"It would not. You are too old. Besides, as I said before, you are not my ideal."

"Hang ideals! I want to marry your mother and be your stepfather. Now, do you understand?"—Detroit Free Press.



"BLYMYER" BELLS

We are the sole makers of these Celebrated Bells FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM, &c.

In buying a "Blymyer" bell you will get for the same money a better bell—richer and sweeter in tone, one that can be heard further, and more durable—than of any other make whatsoever.

Our claims for the superiority of the "Blymyer" bells are amply supported by the disinterested testimony of several thousand purchasers throughout the United States and Canada. We give over 1,800 of these testimonials in our Catalogue.

THE CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO., CINCINNATI, O.
SUCCESSORS IN BELLS TO THE BLYMYER M'F'G CO.

JAMES LINFORTH,
General Agent for Pacific Coast,
37 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Brooklyn Hotel
208 to 212 Bush St., bet. Montgomery and Sansome, S. F. Cal.

This favorite Hotel is under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Man's Hotel in San Francisco. Board and Room, per day, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Board and Room per week, $6 to $12. Board and Room per month, $25 to $50. Single Rooms, 50 cents to $1. FREE COACHES to and from the Hotel.

Chas. F. Fletter Elmer E. Johnson
ALAMEDA
Steam Laundry Association.
2245 Railroad Ave. Alameda, Cal.

J. T. FLEMING
Attorney-at-Law
530 California St. San Francisco
Rooms 9 and 10.
Savings' Union Building.
RESIDENCE: 1433 High Street, Alameda.

DR. LUDLUM HILL.
1443 MARKET STREET, between Tenth and Eleventh. No charge for extraction when plates are made. Old plates made over like new. Teeth from $8 per set. Extracting, 50 cts. Gas given.

PURE BEESWAX CANDLES
ALL SIZES
STEARINE CANDLES
TAPERS, ETC.
Pure Incense and Artificial Charcoal.
Eight Day Sanctuary Oil, Pure Olive Oil.
Orders taken for Vestments and Statutes, imported to order free of duty.
GALLAGHER BROS.
319 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

LIPPI BROS.
Manufacturers of Picture Frames, Mirrors, Etc.
DEALERS in Religious Pictures, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Scapulars, Statuary, etc. We make a specialty of enlarging Pictures in CRAYON, INDIA INK, or WATER COLORS from any small size photographs to a beautiful large size portrait at the very lowest prices and guaranteed the finest work in the city. Picture Frames for Portraits at half price.
1390 MARKET STREET.
Bet. Jones St. and City Hall Ave. S. F.

JOHN F. LYONS
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
Commissioner of Deeds for All States and Territories
Passports Procured
Office, 607 Montgomery St.
Telephone 5439
Notarial Business can be transacted after business hours at his residence, 2202 Steiner Street, next N. E. corner Sacramento Street, San Francco.

GEORGE GOODMAN
Patentee and Manufacturer of
Artificial Stone
In all its Branches
Schillinger's Patent
Sidewalk / Garden Walk } A Specialty
Office, 307 Montgomery St.
NEVADA BLOCK SAN FRANCISCO.

E. J. LEONARD, M. D.
Physician and surgeon
OFFICE HOURS: 11 to 1, 3 to 5, 7 to 8.
LLOYD AVE., FRUITVALE, CAL.
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.
Telephone, 715 BELLS.

A. WALDTUEFEL
Established in 1856.
History Building: 721 Market St.
SPECIAL AGENT FOR
F. Pustet & Co.; the Catholic Publication Co.; Benziger Bros.; D. & J. Sadlier & Co.; The Stolzenberg Co.; Burns & Oats, London.
Kelly's Universal, Young Catholic. Sadlier's Excelsior, and Gilmore's Catholic National Readers, Deharb's Catechism, Spaulding's Bible Histories.
Vestments, Brass Goods and Statuary, Small Religious Articles, Candles, Oils, etc.

EDUCATIONAL.

Santa Clara College
Santa Clara, Cal.
This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a university. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy and Commercial Business. Diplomas are given in the Classical Department, and certificates in the Commercial Course. Terms (payable semi-annually in advance)—Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15. Board, lodging, tuition in all branches, washing and mending linen, school stationary, medical attendance and medicine, baths, etc., per session of ten month, $350. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 213 Hayes street, San Francisco. Illustrated Catalogue of the College free on application to
REV. JOSEPH RIORDAN, S. J.,
President.

St. Joseph's Academy
A select boarding school for boys under fifteen years of age. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Fifth and Jackson Sts., Oakland, Cal. Parents or guardians intending to send their children or wards to a boarding school need but visit the Academy to be convinced that this institution admirably supplies a place hither vacant in the Collegiate System of education in this State. Pupils are received at any time during the terms. Payments, invariably in advance: Board, washing and mending linen, tuition, medical attendance, use of bedding, books and stationary, per term of five months, $150. Extras—Music: Piano, per month, $8. For further particulars apply to
BROTHER HUGH, Director.

Notra Dame College
San Jose, Cal.
Founded 1851. Incorporated 1855.
Studies resumed August 7, 1894.
Apply for Prospectus to
SISTER SUPERIOR.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR THE
California Catholic

OUR SAINTS.

'Tis not alone from legend and old story,
'Tis not alone from canvas dark with time,
That holy saints, crowned with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their height sublime.

Not only from church windows, colored brightly,
Do their blessed shadows fall across our way.
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands do they stand night and day.

Who is there in this wide world who has not, hidden
Deep in his heart, a picture clear or faint,
Veiled, sacred, to the outer world forbidden,
O'er which he bends and murmurs low, "My saint?"

A face perhaps all written o'er with sorrow,
Whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears,
And yet they hopefully look toward the morrow
And far beyond it into brighter spheres—

A face whence all the sunshine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have passed away,
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day—

That perfect day, when, crowned with heaven's brightness,
Without a pain or care or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm, in robes of snowy whiteness,
Our blessed shall stand as very saints indeed.

Yes, God be thankful, though the pure saints of story,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veiled in radiance and crowned with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown saints.

—Outlook.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

His name upon the ship's books was Edward Braithwaite Colchester, but between Tilbury and Sydney harbor he was better known as Cupid. His mother was a widow, with four more olive branches, absolutely dependent on her own and Teddy's exertions.

At the best of times kindergartens for the children of respectable tradespeople are not particularly remunerative, and the semidetached villa in Sydenham was often sorely tried for petty cash.

But when Teddy was appointed fourth officer of the X. Y. Z. company's steamship Cambrian Prince endless possibilities were opened up.

If you will remember that everything in this world is ordained to a certain end, you will see that Teddy's future entirely depended on his falling in love—first love of course, and not the matter of fact businesslike affair that follows later.

After his second voyage he obtained a fortnight's leave and hastened home. Being fond of tennis and such like amusements, he was naturally brought into contact with many charming girls, who, because he was a strange man and a sailor, were effusively polite.

Then he fell hopelessly in love with a horribly impossible girl, and in the excitement of the latest waltz proposed and was accepted on the strength of a fourth officer's pay, an incipient mustache and a dozen or so brass buttons.

During the next voyage his behavior toward unmarried women was marked by that circumspection which should always characterize an engaged man.

He never allowed himself to forget this for an instant, and his cabin had for its chief ornament a plush framed likeness of a young lady gazing with a wistful expression over a palpably photographic sea.

Now, it was necessary for his ultimate happiness that Teddy Colchester should learn that, like his own brass buttons, without constant burnishing a young lady's affection is apt to lose much of its pristine brightness, and that too much sea air is good for neither. He ticked off the days of absence, and as his calendar lessened his affection increased.

At Plymouth a letter met him, a jerky, inky schoolgirl epistle, evidently written by a writer very cold and miserable, and the first reading stunned him.

Had he seen a little more of the real world he would have been able to read between the lines something to this effect: "You're Teddy, three months away, and I'm madly in love with a soldier."

Then he would have noted that the writer was staying in Salisbury, after which he would have hunted up his home papers and discovered that the Royal Wiltshire yeomanry cavalry were encamped at Humingtoon Down.

But as he had only seen life through a telescope he could not do this. Consequently his pain was a trifle acute.

His mother wrote him four pages of sympathy.

But though he wondered at any girl jilting her boy she could not help a feeling of satisfaction at its being still in her power to transmute three-quarters of his pay into food and raiment for her brood.

Next voyage the Cambrian Prince had her full complement of passengers, and the Kangaroo Girl, whom perhaps you may remember, was of the number.

At Plymouth a little reserved girl joined, and as she is considerably mixed up in this story you must know that she rejoiced in the unpretentious name of Hinks.

For the first week or so Teddy held very much aloof from the passengers, engaging himself entirely with recollections of the girl for whose sake he was going to live "only in memory."

Being an honest, straightforward young fellow, he of course followed the prescribed programme of all blighted love affairs. He began by pitying himself for the sorrow he was undergoing, then went on to picture the future that might have been theirs had she married him, but before they were clear of the bay he had arrived at the invariable conclusion and was pitying himself for pitying the girl who was foolish enough to jilt such an entirely estimable young man as Edward Braithwaite Colchester.

One moonlight night, after leaving "Gib," he was leaning over the rails of the promenade deck feeling sympathetically inclined to the world in general when somebody stepped up behind him.

It was Miss Hinks. She prefaced her conversation with two or three questions about the sea, and he made the astounding discovery that her voice possessed just the note of sympathy he required for his complaint.

He had felt sorry for her because other people snubbed her, and she for him because she had been told exaggerated stories about his love affair. Together they made rather a curious couple.

When, under the supervision of the Kangaroo Girl, the shore party for Naples was being organized, Miss Hinks was tacitly left out. Somehow the impression got about that she was poor, and no one cared about paying her expenses.

But eventually she did go, and it was in the charge of the fourth officer. When she thanked him for his kindness, he forgot for the moment his pledge "to live henceforth only in a memory."

The Kangaroo Girl, on discovering that Miss Hinks had been on shore under the escort of that "dear little pink officer," was vastly amused and christened them Cupid and Psyche.

Now, the end of it all was that Teddy began to find himself caring less and less for the the thumb stained photograph in his locker and more and more for the privilege of pumping his sorrows into a sympathetic ear.

By the time they reached Aden he had convinced himself that his first love affair had been the result of a too generous nature, and that his second was the one and only real passion of his life.

At Colombo Miss Hinks went ashore with the doctor's party, tiffined at Mount Lavinia, dined at the Grand Oriental and started back for the ship about 9 o'clock.

Teddy, begrimed with coal dust, watched each boatload arrive, and as he did his love increased.

On account of the coal barges it was impossible for boats to come alongside. Consequently their freight had to clamber from hulk to hulk. Miss Hinks was the last of her party to venture, and just as the doctor, holding out his hand, told her to jump the hulk swayed out, and she fell, with a scream, into the void.

Then before any one could realize what had happened the barge rolled back into its place. Miss Hinks had disappeared.

Teddy, from half way up the gangway, tore off his coat, leaped into the water, and at the risk of having his brains knocked out dived and plunged between the boats, but without success. Then he saw something white astern and swam toward it.

* * * * * *

The half drowned couple must have come to an understanding in the rescuing boat, for next day their engagement was announced.

The Kangaroo Girl gave evidence of her wit when she said, "It was fortunate they were Cupid and Psyche; otherwise they would find love rather insufficient capital to begin housekeeping upon."

Teddy wrote to his mother from Adelaide, and she, poor woman, was not best pleased to hear the news. But a surprise was in store for us all.

On the Cambrian Prince's arrival in Sydney Miss Hinks was met by an old gentleman, who, it appeared, was her solicitor. On being informed of the engagement he examined Teddy with peculiar interest and asked if he were aware of his good fortune. Miss Hinks smiled.

Half an hour later we learned that the girl whom we'd been pitying for her poverty was none other than Miss Hinks-Gratton, the millionairess and owner of innumerable station and town properties.

The Teddy of today is a director of half a dozen shipping companies, and he quite agrees with me "that everything in this world is ordained to a certain end."—Pall Mall Gazette.

How to Preserve Old Manuscripts.

The paper or document, after being cleaned or brushed, is washed on both sides with a transparent adhesive solution. Sheets of imported white silk of the most delicate fabric, large enough to give an ample margin or border to surround the document to be preserved, are then placed on each side of the record and pressed. The pressure causes the silk to adhere closely to the document, which is then treated to a coating of paraffin for the purpose of bringing out and making more legible the writing thereon. This process seals the document permanently from any danger of disintegration or fading of the ink, and also is a protection against insects or mice, which might prey upon the ancient records.

How He Tells the Time.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even lookin at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" queried the visitor.

"Oh, when I holler out an ask him what time it is in the mornin, he allus says it's time to get up. An when I ask him what time it is in the evenin he allus says, 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.' Oh, I tell you my father is a great man."—Waterbury.

A Merciful Robber.

The citizen struggled.

"Let me alone, or I will call the police!" he cried.

The highway robber wavered.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"You will really call the police?"

"Most assuredly."

The outlaw turned on his heel and walked away.

"I don't want to be the cause of his getting clubbed," he said.—Detroit Tribune.

The smoke of burning tobacco contains nicotia, nicotianine, salts of ammonia, hydrocyanic acid, sulphureted hydrogen, three or four volatile acids, phenol, creosote and several other substances.

FUN IN BILL POSTING.

HUMOR IN A BUSINESS WHERE YOU WOULDN'T LOOK FOR IT.

Picturesque and Mirthful Effects Produced With Paste Pot and Brush—Devils and Angels Are Incongruously Mixed Up. "Post No Bills" Goes.

All trades have their droll aspects, but that of the billposter is one long vista of fun. He may become an artist comedian of the first order. It does not require much brain weight either. An old fence is his only arena, and his posters are his stock in trade.

His fun is but momentary, but it is potent while it lasts. He accomplishes it by means of the combinations he is forced to make when he posts new bills over the old ones. Some of the combinations are very funny. Thus he is forced to become a mirth producer whether he will or no, but there are some among the men who get their livelihood in this manner who intentionally place the new bills where they will produce the oddest if but momentary effects.

The reporter watched one of these knights of the paste pot while he proceeded to cover up a rather flaming picture of his satanic majesty with a bill which portrayed a naval officer in full uniform. The first section put on was the officer's head. As it fitted exactly on to Mephisto's shoulders the effect was comical. The next section brought the naval man down to the bottom of his coat. From a short distance it appeared precisely as though he was minus his nether garments and stood bare legged in the rising flames which enveloped him to his knees. The billposter chuckled as he surveyed his work at this point and asked the reporter what he thought of it while he covered the officer's nakedness with a pair of trousers and shoes.

The billposter was quite talkative in his way and spoke of the droll side of his business. "Did it never occur to you," said he as he picked and sorted some flaming colored bills preparatory to pasting them on the fence, "did it never occur to you what an odd and amusing business this is? You saw me put a uniform on the devil. Funny, wasn't it? Well, it wasn't a patch to the effects produced sometimes. These bills have to be changed nearly every week, and the posters get fixed up in the queerest way. I've put angels' heads on devils and devils' heads on angels. I've put a man with a dress coat on where a ballet girl was, so that it looked as though the skirts branched out below where the coat was. I left it there for a moment while I pasted other bills, and quite a crowd gathered around. A policeman came along, and I had to cover it up.

"Once I had a Salvation Army poster to put up, and when I pasted the top portion of it over a bill advertising the play of 'Julius Cæsar' the large blue bonnet of the Salvation Army girl fitted Cæsar perfectly. It was too bad I had to spoil it."

"You see that ballet girl on the fence over there? I have got to paste this big cat over it. Now watch me do it."

He took a section of a bill with the head of a grinning feline on it and placed it so that it fitted to the girl's shoulders. A halo surrounded the cat's head, and the whole affair had a puss in boots air about it that reminded one of early fairy tales. Near by on the fence was a heroic size negro minstrel, whose immense teeth showed through lips which stretched form ear to ear.

"Now see how I will fix that fellow," said the man of the brush as he got ready a bill on which a large tiger was represented balanced on a big blue ball. The tiger's position was on the upper part of the poster. The first section fixed the animal's head on the fence, and with the next the body and feet were pasted up. Then appeared a curious effect. Where the blue ball was to be pasted the negro's face still grinned, but the tiger was now standing on top of the man's head.

"That," said the billposter, "is what I call a real artistic effect. It isn't often an artist can create a Samson in almost one stroke of his brush."

Following his pasting of the tiger, the man proceeded to put up a bear. On the spot where it was to go an overfat baby held up a package of a compound much advertised of late. The bear was built up from the feet, which rested on a horizontal bar. The bear's neck and the baby's neck touched the same point, and before the bear's head was pasted up there appeared a combination of human and brute anatomy which could hardly be equaled by a monstrosity in a dime museum.

Bill posting has undergone a great change in recent years. It is not the haphazard business it once was—that is, it is not allowable for men to go around pasting bills wherever they could find a fence. Most of the big fences are preempted now by firms who pay rent for the privilege.

The old sign of "Post no bills" is more potent than it was. Its infringement now may mean a lawsuit. It used to be very much disregarded. There is record of a very literal man who was arrested for infringing a sign which read "post no bills under penalty." When the judge asked him if he had any excuse to offer, he said he had not "posted under penalty. He had posted further along the fence."—New York World.

The Brightest Light.

The great searchlight made by the General Electric company, and which was exhibited at Chicago, afterward at the Winter exposition, San Francisco, has found a final home and resting place at Mount Lowe, California. It is estimated the rays of this wonderful light can be seen at a distance of 200 miles when the air is clear.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Housatonic is a corruption of Wassatunic, "Bright Stream Flowing Through Rocks."

WHEN WOMEN REGISTER.

When the women come to voting
And to giving names and ages,
There'll be lots of funny capers
On those registration pages.

Whether she's a Miss or Mrs.
Will annoy the registrars.
Asking won't be safe—they'd rather
Read the answer in the stars.

As for ages—if the question
Must be asked—the man without
Faith in truthfulness of answers
Had best not display his doubt.

He'll put down the sweet voiced answers,
Ask not if they're what they seem,
And, for public satisfaction,
Use perhaps this little scheme:

Mark the age, when "claimed," in this way (†)
Each "refused to answer" so (††)
And all ages that are "sworn to"
With three daggers in a row (†††).

—Detroit Free Press.

WEIGHT OF BIRDS' HEARTS.

They Are Heavier In Proportion Than Those of Animals.

Most people will be surprised to learn that the hearts of birds are far heavier proportionately than the hearts of animals, including man, but a little explanation will show that this is quite natural. The more the body works the greater the demand upon the heart, upon which falls the duty of driving the blood through the body; hence the heart develops and becomes heavier. Everybody knows that birds are among the most active and hard working of living creatures. The swallow can overtake an express train. The falcon will carry a load weighing three pounds in the air without hindrance to its power of flight or its speed. In short, they have a tremendous capacity for work.

The celebrated ornithologist, Marey, states that a sea gull weighing 1½ pounds is capable of performing in one second work equivalent to raising a weight of nine pounds one yard high. A man weighing 130 pounds, to be equal to the sea gull, would have to lift 780 pounds one yard high in one second. If a man becomes an athlete or carries heavy loads, his heart grows proportionately. No wonder, therefore, that the hearts of our active feathered friends are strikingly heavy as compared with the bulk of their bodies.

The average weight of the human heart in normal circumstances is five-one-thousandths of the total weight of the body. Dr. Carl Parrot has lately weighed the hearts of various animals and birds and has found the averages to be as follows, the figures representing the one-thousandth parts of the total weight: Pig, 4.52; ox, 4.59; sheep, 6.01; horse, 6.31. The domestic animals thus come fairly close to man. The wild roebuck has an exceedingly heavy heart —11.5.

Most birds are a long way ahead of animals. The carrier pigeon comes out at 12.25; the common sparrow, 16.22; the hobby, an extremely active species of falcon, 16.98, and the song thrush, 25. The heart of the last named is thus five times heavier than that of man in comparison with the total weight.—Pittsburg Times.

Thunderstorm Zones.

This subject has been somewhat closely studied by Professor Klossovsky, director of the observatory at Odessa, who has published a paper on the annual distribution of thunderstorms over the globe.

His observations show that a high temperature, a certain degree of humidity and a considerable amount of rainfall are the chief agents favoring the developments of thunderstorms. A colored map which acccompanies Professor Klossovsky's paper shows the existence of a zone of electric activity of great intensity on both sides of the equator, and this is also the zone of greatest rainfall. The zone is divided into three sections, the first embracing Asia and Oceania, Indo-China and the Sunda isles to New Guinea. Over this zone the yearly average of thunderstorms is 90 to 100. The second zone starts from the west coast of Africa between 5 and 10 degrees north latitude and 5 degrees to 10 degrees south latitude, while the third zone comprises the tropical regions of America between 20 degrees and 22 degrees north latitude, where the mean annual number of storms exceeds 100.

To the north of this zone, which is termed the electric equator, the storms decrease in number until the deserts of Africa, Egypt, Persia and central Asia are reached, where the rainfall is scanty and thunderstorms rare. To the north of the zone of deserts, especially over the continents of Europe and Asia, the electric activity is somewhat increased. The data collected from the high latitudes of the southern hemisphere refer principally to the Falkland islands, where the average number of storms is only four.

A Sure Cure.

Mrs. Lammet of Warsaw had a felon on one of her fingers. She stopped the ravages of the felon by holding the finger in hot lye. Then she stopped the ravages of the lye by holding the finger in a solution of carbolic acid. Then she stopped the ravages of the carbolic acid by having a surgeon amputate the finger. It is believed that the felon will not bother her any more.—Galesburg Republican-Register.

A Disgusted Witness.

A witness in describing an event said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins."

"What was the name of the other other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.

The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.—Ohio Legal News.

Many hundreds of manuscripts have been recovered at Pompeii. They were charred rolls, but by the exercise of patience and ingenuity some have been unrolled and read. Nothing of importance has been discovered in their contents.

Carnivorous animals seldom produce more than two young at a birth.

MARRY IN GERMANY.

BUT IF YOU ARE AMERICANS BE PREPARED FOR A SIEGE.

Documents of All Kinds and Witnesses Must Be Presented to the Civil Functionary—The Trials of a Young Couple of Americans In Berlin.

It is often almost impossible for an American to secure the papers necessary to make a European marriage valid, especially in Germany. The lovers are frequently obliged to wait until they can repair to some less inquisitive land, where a priest or legal functionary will consent to unite them without asking superfluous questions. When the contracting parties are themselves Europeans, the formalities are probably formidable enough, for besides the actual marriage papers there are settlement papers and various preliminary documents to be drawn up. But if you are an American of course you are a suspicious character, and you will find it even doubly difficult to marry the girl of your choice. You must first prove your right to live and breathe and have your being, and your bride must prove her right to live and breathe and have her being, and your father, and your mother, and your bride's father, and your bride's mother must also prove that they were born in due time and have lived irreproachably ever after, and in case they no longer exercise the functions of living, breathing and having their being it must be shown that they ceased to do so in a sober and godlike manner. All this and much more must be set forth in a quod erat demon strandum fashion by means of documents before you will be allowed to bend your neck to the conjugal yoke.

The truth of these remarks was illustrated a few weeks ago in Berlin, when the happiness of two young Americans hung for a long time in the balance until German authorities finally consented to let them join hands and hearts. The young man was an Egyptologist and found it necessary to be in Egypt at a certain time. He hoped to take his bride with him, but almost up to the last moment he was uncertain whether he should have a bride to take. For months he had been trying to bring about this marriage, but the requirements of the German law were enough to drive even a man accustomed to the complications of the Tel-el-eh-Manah tablets to despair. The bride had lived formerly on the other side of the world, and as there existed in the cautious German mind the possibility that she might have gone through the marriage ceremony on some previous occasion it was necessary to publish the banns weeks beforehand, not only in the Berlin papers, but also in the journals of her native American town. Both parties were obliged to secure certificates of the birth and baptism of themselves and their parents and to furnish an epitome of the family histories down to date. There is a rumor that testimony was even demanded as to the number of times certain relatives had been vaccinated and the success of the operation. The young woman's father had died when away from home, and it was rather difficult to satisfy German authorities as to the manner of his taking off. Finally all the papers arrived, and the couple repaired one day with their friends and witnesses to the office of the legal functionary in whose hands their happiness reposed.

The legal functionary, of course, had witnesses on his side. The Germans never transact any business except in the presence of witnesses. If you quarrel with the guard on a railway train, he immediately summons another guard, not to settle the dispute, but to witness it. They put their two solemn heads together, shake them at each other and at you, make copious notes of the facts and finally take themselves off. This bridal couple and friends were silently surveyed by the band of witnesses. Then the bride was placed in one chair and the bridegroom in another at a respectful distance. The papers were produced. The bride told all about herself, and the bridegroom told all about himself, and the friends and witnesses told all about both of them. The mother of the bride assured the assembled company that this man was not insidiously defrauding her of her daughter. The company began to breathe more freely. The bridegroom heaved a sigh of relief. The tired bride moved in her chair wearily. But the legal functionary was not going to let them off so easily. He shook his head over the papers, pursed up his lips and then turned on the whole crowd and asked them fiercely for their passports. Of course no one had such a thing about him, so the jaded bridegroom had to rush off in a drosky to secure as many as were necessary.

Meantime a German couple appeared. Their papers, of course, were all right. The German bridegroom took possession of the American bridegroom's vacant chair, and the American bride, who, by this time, was almost in tears, yielded her seat to the German bride. By the time they had been safely launched upon the sea of married life the passports had been found, and the Americans again took the chairs and were finally made man and wife, to the satisfaction of the legal functionary, themselves and their friends.

That wasn't all, of course. They had to rush off, after the legal functionary's fee had been paid, to do honor to the ordinary conventionalities, array themselves in festal robes and be married again by a minister who spoke the English tongue, shake hands with their 500 friends and catch the first train for Egypt.—Berlin Cor. New York Sun.

A Simple Remedy.

A teacher of health culture declares that a simple remedy for removing the blood from a too active brain is to exercise the muscles of the feet. Stand firmly on the ground and then raise the heel and rest on the toe for a second. Do this for a dozen times or so in succession. It will bring a certain degree of relief after a hard day's mental work.

Choice Catholic Literature.

Suitable for the Home, or Sunday School Library.

Elegant 18mo cloth bound books with gilt side name and stamp, offered at ONE-HALF the regular price.

SUITABLE FOR

Christmas Presents

At the suggestion of a number of the reverend clergy we have determined to offer the choice of any one of the following elegantly bound books, containing choice Catholic Stories, mainly for young people, at one-half the regular price. Every book has been approved by ecclesiastical authority, and all are by approved Catholic writers.

Price **20** cents each and one coupon for each book.

SPECIAL RATES IN QUANTITIES TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

READ THE LIST.

Adventures of Travel
Affections, Tales of the
Agnes, and other Sketches.
Angels' Visits
Angel Dreams
Antonio; or, the Orphan of Florence
Apprentice (The), and other Sketches
Artists [Catholic], Tales of
Bad Example
Beautiful Little Rose
Chapel of the Angels
Crusade of the Children
Ellerton Priory
Emma's Cross, and other Tales
Faith and Loyalty and the Chip Gatherers
Florestine
Frederick Wilmot
Harry O'Brien, and other Tales
Hermit of Mt. Atlas
Honor O'More's Three Homes
Hope of the Katzekopfs
Idleness and Industry
James Chapman
Joe Baker
Lame Millie
Leo: or, The Choice of a Friend
Lepanto, Battle of, etc
Medelene, the Rosiere
Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nettlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys [The] and the Boy and the Man
Scrivener's Daughter and Orange Girl
Select Popular Tales
Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfrie, and other Tales
South of France, Tales of the
Stories of Other Lands
Tales for the Young
Truth and Trust
Two Painters, the
Uncle Edward's Stories
Young Astronomer, The
Young Emigrants, The

Make selections of one or more, indicating first, second or third choice. Owing to our distance from the source of supply it may be impossible always to keep a stock of each number on hand.

BOOK COUPON.

This coupon when accompanied by 20 cents will entitle the holder to choice of any Book in above list offered by the

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Henry I. Fisher,
Editor and Publisher
Room 10, Montgomery Block,
628 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

THE POET'S MEED.

"Who fainteth here in the mart, forlorn,
While men stand chaffering by?
Go ask his trade." "A poet born,
With a song in his flashing eye."
"What hath he to sell—coal, cotton or corn?"
"Fair thoughts." "Then let him die."
—Grant Allen in Academy.

UNCLE BEN'S LETTER.

Bill Hullet, who lives on a small farm in Lake county, was showing me a number of Indian relics prized by him because they had been in the family so long.

"What have you in there?" I asked, pointing to a faded blue plush case originally intended, I fancied, for a set of silver teaspoons. Before answering my question Bill opened the box and held it so that I could look into it, and but for a yellowing envelope it was empty. He took up the envelope, touching it with exceeding care, and handed it to me.

"What of it?" I asked after reading the name and address—"Mrs. Mary Hullett, Antioch, Lake county, Ills."

"You notice," said he, "that it has never been opened."

"Yes," I answered, "and what is this postmark written with a pen? Why, it is Gettysburg, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's where the letter was mailed, addressed to my mother, and, as you see, no one has broken the seal."

"Why, that's strange. Tell me about it."

In order to get the history of a relic I had to feel, or rather pretend that I felt, a great interest in it. Bill took the letter and put it away, and after a time told me the following bit of family history:

"You see, my mother thought more of her brother, my Uncle Ben, than she did of almost anybody in the world. While quite young she married in the east, and she and father, together with my Uncle Ben, came on to this state. I don't recollect much about my father, for he died not long after I was born, but from what I have always understood the marriage was not a happy one. Well, Uncle Ben finished paying for the farm and had the deed made over to mother.

"I merely mention these small details to show how much the brother and the sister were attached to each other. Well, when the war broke out—and I recollect it well, for I was a smart chunk of a boy—Uncle Ben swore that it was his duty to go. My mother was a very patriotic woman, but with the selfishness of a woman's affection she could not see why she should be called upon to give up her only brother. But Uncle Ben declared that every woman should not only be called upon to give up her brother, but her son, her husband, her life, if needs be. He was so devoted to the Union, so strong in his denunciation of all people who were lukewarm, that when the time came he was elected captain of a company. And so off he marched, leaving my mother in the deepest grief. At night she would awake me with her sobs, and many a time when I heard no sound would I put my hand on her pillow to find it wet with her tears. Of course the violence of her grief did not last, for pride and the love of country bade her be brave, but whenever we received news that a battle had been fought she would lock herself in her room and there wait to hear that her brother was dead.

"Thus it went on until his death was mentioned in the dispatches. He was killed at Gettysburg, and two days later there came a letter from him. My mother knew that it had been written just before he went into battle—probably the very last thing he did was to seal it—and she declared that the seal must never be broken. I remember that some of the neighbors argued with her that she ought to see what the letter had to say, but she said not, it must forever remain sealed. So she never did open it, and when she came to die she told me to keep it just as she had kept it and to leave it to my favorite child, with the same instructions that she had given me. My mother was of excellent stock, and I have thought that this prompted her sometimes to say that the crest of her descendants might be an unopened letter. She always said this laughingly, but I have noticed that it is in a spirit of fun that we sometimes show our pride. Well, as you see, I have never opened the letter, and I never intend to. I'm going to leave it to my son Andrew."

Bill and I went fishing that afternoon, as we did nearly every Saturday during the summer, and all the time we were casting I was itching to know what was in that letter. Of course I knew that it contained simply a few lines telling his sister that a battle was on, and that he trusted in God and the right. But I wanted to see the lines. I could fancy the shape of the sprawling characters, written with a pencil by the light of a candle held by a bayonet stuck into the ground.

"Bill," said I, "you would have found me among the neighbors urging your mother to open that letter."

"But not if you had seen that not to open it was a sentiment with her."

"Well, I don't know about that. Probably not."

The next time I went out into the country to fish with Bill I found him in rather a dejected state. The drought had continued so long that he knew that the crops must be a failure, and summer boarders had not come in numbers sufficient to insure an offset for the damage. Bill said he didn't care to fish. "If I were to hang the biggest bass in the lake, it is a question whether I'd have courage enough to pull him out," said he.

Oh, it surely isn't as bad as that!" I argued. "One good season will make everything all right."

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "In fact, there may not be another season for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, year before last, in order to build the large extension to the little house that we had lived in so long, I had to mortgage the farm. Of course I thought that I would soon pull out, but I haven't. I can get a few hundred dollars more than the mortgage is for, and I thought that I would let the thing go rather than to worry any longer and take a few hundred and rent me a shanty in the village. I am a sort of plasterer, and I may pick up a bare living."

He was so depressed that I cared not to talk to him, and I took the first train and returned to the city. Several weeks passed. I went not to the country for the reason that to me the whole landscape had been saddened. I had become much attached to Hullett. He had a droll way of speech, a dry laugh, and his mischievous eye cut so odd a caper now and then that I was drawn to him. But I cared not to see him now that a misfortune had befallen him, for my friendship for him was founded on a humorous sentiment. One day I met a man from Antioch and asked him about Bill, whether or not he had found a purchaser for his farm. "I think he has," the man answered. "I understand that a fellow named Fetterage has about closed a deal with him. Sorry for Bill; says that he can get along maybe as a plasterer, but I don't see how he can when the regular plasterers are about all out of work."

A few days after this I was hastening along the street when some one grabbed hold of me. I wheeled about, and there was Bill, pretending to choke me. His eye was bright, cutting its odd capers, and I noticed that he was arrayed in new clothes. "You are hustling along here pretty brash," he said, releasing me, "but I want to show you that I am not to be run over even if I am from the country."

I stood there looking at him, wondering what could have happened. "Have you sold your farm?" I asked.

His eye twinkled. "Say," he said, "I am all right now, and my son Andrew, little rascal, brought it all about. Got into the box the other day, looking for Indian arrow heads, and what did he do but rip open Uncle Ben's letter and bring it to me. And of course I had to read it; told that he—Uncle Ben—had buried $3,000 in gold in an iron box at the left hand root of the white oak tree facing the outlet of the lake. I jumped up and grabbed a hoe, I tell you. The tree had been cut down years ago, but the stump was there all right, and there I dug till I got the money, all the time thinking about mother and her brother, and the next day when that shark came to close the deal with me I said: 'No, I'm obliged to you. I don't believe I care to trade. I thought I was broke, but the truth is an uncle of mine has left me some money.' And, say, the news that a fortune has been left to me has spread about, and you ought to see the folks bow to me on the road. Oh, I'm all right now, and, say again, you never saw fish bite as they do now! Come out."—Opie Read in New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ward Is True to Poll.

While it is probably true that each nation has its own ideal of feminine beauty, yet I think we American men are ready to acknowledge a really handsome woman wherever we see her. While in England I was greatly surprised to see so few fine looking women, though Englishmen claim a superiority in this respect. Possibly I was unfortunate in not happening to meet them, though I kept a keen lookout both on the streets, in the theaters and at other places where fashionable persons assembled. During all the time I was abroad I saw very few beautiful women, but since my return I have been much more fortunate.

Americans should congratulate themselves in possessing not only women who are of a superior type of beauty to those in any other part of the world, but also on account of the endless varieties included in this type. There is a sameness in the appearance of English women which soon grows tiresome to the eye. In America, on the other hand, owing to a salutary mixture of the races, there are all styles of feminine beauty, though constituting one general class. Those who attended the horse show must have been impressed with this fact, and it has been conspicuous also at the exhibition of portraits at the National Academy of Design.—Ward McAllister in New York World.

What Spoiled the Coffee.

At last we have an infallible rule for coffee, and though it comes from an unknown source it is warranted to please the most exacting epicure. It runs as follows:

Bridget is an excellent cook, but like most women of her profession she is opinionated and insists upon making all her dishes strictly according to her own recipes. Her mistress gives her full swing not only as to cooking, but as to the purchase of supplies.

The other day her mistress said to her:

"Bridget, the coffee you are giving to us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It's no kind at all, mum," said Bridget. "It's a mixture."

"How do you mix it?"

"I make it one-quarter Mocha and one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio."

"But that's only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many spiles the coffee, mum—by putting in a foorth quarter."—Kansas City Star.

An Elevator's Trips.

While I was waiting for a Laclede building elevator to begin its journey upward I surveyed the uniformed conductor and wondered how far he travels without "covering any ground" in the course of a day's journey.

"How many trips do you make every day?" I asked.

"About 450."

"Have you calculated what distance that represents?"

"Eighteen miles."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The San Francisco Examiner

IS NOW OFFERING

The Finest and Most Valuable Art and Historical Work Yet Presented to the Public in the "Examiner's" Famous Coupon Series, Entitled

"EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."

RETRACED DURING THE YEAR 1894

WITH NOTE BOOK AND CAMERA

Five Hundred Original Photographic Views and Description of the Places Connected with the Life of Christ and His Apostles.

A Superb Religio-Educational Fine Art Series, to be issued in 24 parts. . . . . .

This wholly unique and thoroughly "up-to-date" publication comprises the results of months of observation, involving

Three Separate Tours of the Holy Land.

The journeyings of the Son of Mary and His Apostles have been traced and gone over, the itinerary including not only all Biblical points of interest in Palestine, but also taking the reader to Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the Archipelagic Islands.

NO. 1.
This Coupon and 10 Cents Mailed or Delivered to the Examiner Office Good for One Part "EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."
POSTAGE FREE

Cut a coupon and send it with 10 cents to the Examiner, 756 Market Street, San Francisco, and the first number will be sent by return mail.

THE VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

One of the Handsomest Rooms In the Capitol Used by Him.

In the wing of the capitol devoted to the needs of the senate two of the handsomest rooms are set aside for the use of the president and the vice president of the United States. The president's room is naturally put to very little use, while the vice president's is rarely unoccupied.

This room is to be found at the end of the senate lobby. It is a large, square room, with stuccoed ceiling and tinted walls, furnished with an ecru tinted carpet, several large chairs, two tables, an office desk and a large sofa.

The fireplace—a huge, old fashioned affair for the burning of wood—with its handsome brass fender and accompanying shovel, tongs and poker, is shut in by a glass fire screen. The retiring vice president is permitted to take with him as souvenirs the brass fire tools.

There is another bit of floor furniture in the room in the shape of a small safe, which is used as a repository for the electoral votes as the sealed packages come from the various states after each presidential election. Here they must stay until wanted for counting by the house of representatives. During this time the safe is continually watched by two officers detailed from the capitol police force, and the combination on which the lock is set is known only to the vice president.

Among the wall adornments is a painting of George Washington by Rembrandt Peale. There is a legend to the effect that when sitting for this portrait in 1796 Washington stuffed cotton into his cheeks in lieu of the false teeth he so greatly needed.

Most of the relics of former vice presidents have been relegated to a little anteroom now used for toilet purposes. Among them is the mirror 2½ feet long by 1½ wide bought by the senate for the use of John Adams. Both frame and glass are of very poor material, but it cost when purchased $40 and was the subject of serious controversy in the senate. The beautifully carved toilet case, which is also contained in the anteroom, was made to order for General Chester A. Arthur.—Kate Field's Washington.

Women Officers Re-elected.

The Woman's Benevolent association of Kansas City, Kan., elected officers at its recent meeting. Without an exception the old officers were re-elected. Here they are: Mrs. Phœbe A. Eager, president; Mrs. E. J. Harris, vice president; Mrs. W. H. Ryus, secretary, and Mrs. J. C. Martin, treasurer. The society is over 20 years old.

The amount of fatty matter or oil in maize is far greater than in wheat. In the latter oil composes about 1 per cent; in the former, from 6 to 10.

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR

EVERYTHING READY FOR CHISTMAS.

Without saying too much about it we want to inform you that we are ready to show you

The Largest, the Best, the Most Complete

—STOCK OF—

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS

Ever offered in this city.

—OUR STORE—

REBUILT AND REMODELLED.

Is Filled With

Newest Goods at Lowest Prices

Don't Miss This

GRAND

Holiday Display

—OF—

BOOKS AND PRESENTS SUITABLE FOR OLD AND YOUNG

—AND THE—

DOLL AND TOY EXHIBITING

—NOW ON—

IN OUR SPACIOUS TOY ROOMS.

DAVIS BROTHERS.
718 MARKET ST. AND
1234 MARKET ST.

Dr. Jerome A. Hughes

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Sundays, 8 to 10 a. m.

42 OAK STREET, - San Francisco

OUR TRIPLE PREMIUM OFFER

—NO. 1—

TRUE LIKENESS OF OUR SAVIOR

Elegantly framed in OAK; size 20x16 inches, with passepartout, and one year's subscription for $4.65.

—NO. 2—

County Map of IRELAND

Size 2½x4 feet; printed in twelve colors, embellished with portraits of IRISH HEROES. Free with one year's subscription ($1.50) and 10 cents to cover postage and packing.

—NO. 3—

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size 17x14 inches, executed to order and satisfaction guaranteed together with three months' subscription for $1.00

NOW FOR OUR WORKERS.

Everybody knows that the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is the favorite Catholic Weekly of the Pacific Slope. It is easy to get subscribers for it but we don't want you to work unrequited. To any one who will send us the names of

Three Subscribers

Accompanied by $4.50

to pay for their subscriptions we will present an imperial quarto volume of over four hundred pages, entitled

THE WORLD'S SWEETEST SONGS

The book is embellished with steel engravings of the world's famous cantitrices. We are not going to say much about this book but every one of your friends will want a copy of it. (Sent by mail postpaid to subscribers for $2.50.) For

Five Subscribers

we have another gem—a presentation volume of prose and poetry entitled

BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT

These are a selection of the most beautiful extracts in the English language, and the volume is a vast treasury of choice productions in poetry and prose and song, from the literature and music of all ages. Its 660 pages are embellished with superb steel plate engravings.

Remit $7.50 and send the names of five subscribers and the work will be at once forwarded to you. (Sold to Subscribers only at $4.50.)

FOR TEN SUBSCRIBERS

When accompanied by $15 is offered the gem of the series. Just imagine a

Framed Water Color Portrait

valued at $20, which we will absolutely give you or securing for us, not less than 10 annual subscribers. This is an offer that only needs a couple of hours work a day to obtain, and you have something that will last you a lifetime. The picture is incomparably beautiful. (Sold to Subscribers only for $7.50.)

These are three chances of a lifetime, and will only be offered for a short time.

Prompt delivery of premiums guaranteed. Address all orders to the publisher

HENRY I. FISHER,

ROOM 10 MONTGOMERY BLOCK, San Francisco.

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

SIX A. M.

He opens his eyes, with a cry of delight.
There's a toyshop all round him, a wonderful sight!
The fairies have certainly called in the night.

EIGHT A. M.

They are quiet at first—both the girls and the boys,
Too happy to make any riot or noise,
And they mentally show to each other their toys.

SIX P. M.

But see! In the nursery a terrible racket!
The dolls lose their heads, there are rents in each jacket,
And if you've a toy it's the fashion to crack it.

EIGHT P. M.

The floor is all littered with signs of the fray.
He is sulky and tired with much eating and play,
And nurse, too, is cross as she bears him away.

MERRY XMAS.

MASO NAPONE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE BY J. COLOMB.

It had been snowing all day. Intense cold had succeeded, and the stars, shining brightly, looked down on the good old town of Nuremberg.

The people were coming out of their dwellings and walking slowly but cheerfully along the streets, not seeming to mind the crisp cold nor the deep snow under their feet. There was a murmur of voices, a rustling of garments, the sounds of doors opening and shutting, mingled with laughter and merry shouting.

The throng of people had passed on, and the voices of the bells had become mere reverberations, when a little girl about 8 years old appeared in the principal street, which was now silent and deserted. She was alone and looked so small as she walked fearlessly along, taking short steps, so as not to slip on the hard, glistening snow, and singing in a soft voice an old Christmas hymn about the angels, Bethlehem and a child asleep in a manger.

Suddenly she stopped, uttered a cry of dismay, and falling on her knees began searching for something in the snow. She

"GOOD ANGEL, I PRAY THEE!"

was evidently unsuccessful, however, for her sighs changed to tears, and her grief increased until it found vent in sobs.

"My money!" she cried. "My poor groschen! Oh, dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen!"

Like an answer to her prayer, there sounded not far off a strange, sweet melody, and she dried her eyes suddenly and looked about, half expecting to see an angel, for she thought the music must have come from heaven, so beautiful it was.

But soon she perceived a figure without wings, harp or halo, a lad about 15 years old, dressed unlike any one in Nuremberg, with dark blue breeches, a short cloak on his shoulders and a little red cap on his black hair. He carried a musical instrument and touched the strings as he glanced up at a house where a light was gleaming. The child did not understand the singer's words, and feeling sure that he was using the language of heaven she threw herself at his feet, clasped her hands and raised her eyes entreatingly to his face.

"Good angel, I pray thee," she cried, "help me to find my groschen!"

"Thy groschen, little one? What sayst thou?" he answered, speaking with a strange accent. "Why dost thou call me good angel—me, a poor Italian sing-

Is that true?' asked the child, still in doubt.

"Indeed, yes," he answered. "I saw a light in this fine house and thought that if I sang I might be offered a night's shelter, but all seems to be silent."

"Every one but the sick lady and her servant has gone to church," explained the little girl, and her hearer added:

"Then I shall go there too. And what wilt thou do?"

At this question the child, remembering her loss, began to cry again, and the lad took her hand in his, and stroking it asked gently:

"What is the trouble, little one? Tell me, and if I can help you I will." He smiled cheerily as he spoke, and the child answered:

"I have lost my money, my groschen. We never have anything nice for supper, but because it is Christmas time my mother gave me the money to buy a sausage and an apple pie, but I have dropped my groschen in the snow. We have no more, and now we can have no Christmas supper."

"Where did you drop it?" asked her listener, and when she pointed to the spot he knelt down and began turning over the snow, when he gave a cry of triumph and held up a coin in his fingers.

"Oh, you must be an angel!" cried the little girl joyfully, and he added, with a smile:

"A Florentine angel, then. My name is Maso Napone—remember it. Now, goodby. Go buy your supper."

"Not until I have been to the midnight mass," replied the girl. "My mother is ill, so I must go and pray for her."

"Then I will go with you," said Maso, taking her hand. "What is your name?"

"Christine Dachs. My mother is the Widow Gudule."

"Poor little thing! Do you remember your father?"

"Perfectly. He used to hush me to sleep by the fire every night, and sometimes I seem to feel his arms round me still. Ah, how well he loved me!"

"Your mother has to work?"

"Yes; she does beautiful embroidery. I do a little of it, but I have not learned to work very well yet. Pretty soon I shall do it better, and then mamma can rest."

"I am all alone in the world," said the youth when Christine stopped speaking. "I have no parents, no money, no home. My father's creditors took everything except my lute, so I left Florence, and now I earn a little money by singing in the streets, but I often have to sleep in the open air and without supper, but I am very strong, so I do not mind it, and I have many happy hours. Beautiful ladies call me into their houses to sing to their guests, and then I am well treated and well fed."

The little girl nodded approvingly, as if such conduct were the most natural in the world, and at that moment she and her companion reached the door of the church.

As they entered Maso doffed his hat reverentially, dipped his fingers into the holy water fount and touched them to Christine's. Then the two children knelt down in the shadow of a great pillar which rose to the high arched roof. The whole congregation joined in singing the carols, and the weak, broken voices of the aged, the silvery ones of the children, the sweet tones of the maidens, the clear high notes of the young men and the strong, deep ones of their elders combined to produce harmonies both powerful and sweet. Maso could not keep silence. Suddenly his voice rose above the rest, and it was so full, so clear and so sweet that every one

THE LAD BEGAN TO SING.

near turned to look at him. A tall man wrapped in a great cloak left his place, and coming nearer to the lad listened attentively, with his eyes fixed upon Maso's face as long as he continued to sing. Neither of the children noticed the stranger.

"Poor me!" Maso thought. "No one on earth loves me; no one cares what becomes of me. If I should die tonight, there would be not one to shed a tear for me. I am all alone. This little girl who mistook me for an angel will return to her home and receive her mother's kiss, but I do not know what a mother is. I would give anything to have one kiss me."

Tears filled his eyes without his knowing it, and Christine, seeing them, said to herself:

"He is crying. Then he is not an angel. Poor boy, how I pity him! He is so lonely!"

A few moments later the boy and the girl were outside the church again.

"Why were you crying?" asked Christine, and the lad replied:

"I was thinking how sad it was to have no mother. God grant you may long have yours, little one! Do not look so sorry, but come and let us buy your supper in one of these shops. See, I am not sad now!" He led her into a provision shop, and not allowing her to spend her only coin purchased ham, fruit and pastry for her, and then, seeing that she shivered in the cold night air, he took off his own cloak and put it round her shoulders. "Now I will take you home," he said, and when they reached her door she asked wistfully: "Will you not come in and have supper with us, as if you were my brother? Mamma will be so glad!"

Maso followed her in and was welcomed by the Widow Gudule. While they sat at supper Maso told them of his childhood's home in Italy, which had been opulent, but sad, because motherless, of his father's

ruin and death and of his own wanderings.

And so, mother, he sings. You should hear him! The angels in heaven have not sweeter voices," exclaimed Christine, and the lad, taking up his lute, struck the chords lightly, then began to sing, while the mother and daughter listened with clasped hands and tearful eyes. As soon as he stopped there was a knock at the door. Christine opened it fearlessly, for there was nothing in that poor home for robbers. Outside stood the tall man who had been in church. He recognized the child and smiled as he said:

"My dear, I want to speak to your brother, who has just been singing."

"He is not my brother," said Christine, surprised.

"No? Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with you. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

This man was one of the most celebrated musicians of that time, not only in Munich, where he lived, but throughout the music loving world. Little Christine, however, knew nothing about him, and thinking that the stranger merely wished to compliment Maso upon his singing she bade him enter. He bowed politely to the widow and then addressed Maso, saying:

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad, an unusually fine one. I am an old man, but I have seldom heard such a voice as yours. You understand what you sing, too, and you love music. You have all the makings of a great artist, but—you do not know how to sing!"

"That is because I have never been taught," said Maso sadly and humbly.

"I observed that. It is not your fault, and it can be remedied. How old are you?"

"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Very good. I have a proposition to make you. Have you relatives?"

"None. I am all alone."

"Better still. I will take charge of you. I will take you back to Munich with me. I will teach you music and singing, and in three or four years—you will see! Kings and princes will invite you to come to court and sing for them, and I shall have the honor of giving the world another great musician. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Kriegwinckel, leader of the choir in Munich."

Maso bowed low, for having always been interested in musical matters, and ever on the watch for new songs, he had heard of Master Kriegwinckel and had often sung his compositions.

"I would be only too happy, master," he stammered, "but I am obliged to earn my living. I have nothing"—

"You will not need money. I will treat you as my own son, and you will earn a great deal more than your living when I have taught you music. It is agreed, is it not? Ah, it was not for nothing that I watched you in the church, followed you out, and after losing sight of you in the crowd searched for you until I heard your voice through that window, but I must leave Nuremberg tonight. Come."

The boy took up his cloak and lute, saying: "Goodby, Christine! I will come back some day. Do not forget me."

The girl clung to his arm and whispered: "I shall never forget you. I thought at first that you were an angel, because you sang like one and were as good as one. I will love you all my life."

Eight years passed.

The Christmas bells were ringing merrily, and the people, coming out of their houses to attend the midnight mass, greeted each other with Christmas wishes. Among the throng there was none who received more salutes and friendly smiles than an elderly woman who leaned upon the arm of a beautiful young girl, tall and slender as a reed. By the light of the torch she carried the girl's bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration.

Young girls nodded with a friendly air; apprentices, students and more than one young gentleman in velvet cap and embroidered doublet bowed respectfully to the mother and daughter.

These two were but simple working people, yet all Nuremberg honored them. Every one knew that Dame Gudule Dachs, when left a widow with her child to bring up and her husband's debts to pay, had set about bravely to perform the task. She had become the most successful embroiderer in the town, her daughter had soon grown celebrated for her taste in designing new patterns, and now the widow owed nothing and could hardly fill all the orders she received from the richest ladies in the land. The poor and the suffering well knew the way to Widow Gudule's door, and the fair Christine was never happier than when attending to their wants. It was thought that Christine had dedicated herself to God and would soon take the veil, for if she did not mean to be a nun why was she so indifferent to the tender glances, sighs and words of the young men?

As the people entered the church the organ's peals rose to the vaulted roof, and Widow Gudule, kneeling at Christine's side, heard her murmured prayer: "Sweet Saviour Jesus, protect him! Bring him back to us that I may tell him I have not forgotten him!"

The mother smiled sadly, for she had had experience of the world, and she knew that, with young persons, remembrance often fades.

Suddenly, just as the priest turned round to administer communion to the

A VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

faithful, a voice in the choir rose above the organ's strains, and Christine's face was transfigured as she whispered, "It is he!"

Oh, that beautiful voice, powerful, impassioned, yet as sweet as if it came straight from heaven!

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth," it sang, and Christine, carried out of herself as she listened, wept softly and wondered whether it were not indeed an angel's voice. With a saddened look in her soft eyes she followed her mother out of the church, casting a wistful, timid glance up the dark winding staircase which led to the choir, and the widow, who also had recognized the voice, hurried her daughter away. When they reached the street, no strange figure was to be seen, except a tall man wrapped in a handsome cloak and wearing a gold embroidered cap which glistened in the moonlight. When the two women arrived at their home, this person stepped quickly up, and with a bow said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Dame Gudule! Merry Christmas, Miss Christine! Will you let the Florentine singer share your supper once again?"

"I knew he would come, mother!" cried Christine, and the widow, in spite of her misgivings, almost against her will added:

"He is welcome, as before."

They all entered the house, and when the girl had lighted the candles on the supper table she was astonished to see that the slender stripling had become a strong, handsome man, who looked at her with smiling admiration. Her simple yet well fitting gown showed off her graceful figure to advantage. While she filled his glass Maso said to her, "One might take you for an angel now."

Then he related how Master Kriegwinckel had brought him up and taught him and been a father to him. The old man was dead now, and Maso once more traveled about to earn his living by singing. But he went as a great artist, not a poor vagabond. Kings and princes wrote asking him to come and sing to them, just as the master had predicted. He was rich and honored, and yet he was not happy, for he was alone.

"Dame Gudule," he added after a pause, "you once gave me a mother's kiss. Will you now accept me as your son? Will you let me ask Christine if she remembers her promise?"

"I remember," murmured the girl, while her mother smiled and nodded.

"You promised not to forget me and to love me all your life," he said, taking her hand. "I have always thought of you, and I love you, Christine, my little Christmas rose! Sweetheart, will you be my wife?"

"I knew you would come back," was all her answer.—Short Stories.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky.
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay
That first blest Christmas night.

The shepherds slept, and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke,
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nestling bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew!

With finger on her solemn lip
Night hushed the shady earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth.
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies
The wondering shepherds woke and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes.

But all their gentle, sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men,
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring:
"The Christ is born, the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white walled town
Where lay the baby boy.
And, oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed for Christ had smiled
In Mary's happy eyes!

—Margaret Deland.

MERRY XMAS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY LEETA SMYTH.

From a window of a crowded apartment house situated in the business district of a great city a woman with a pale, wistful face was looking down into the street below.

In spite of her shabby black dress, there was an aristocratic air about the tall figure which impressed one that she was a lady born, and in the face now worn with years of sorrow could be detected traces of what must once have been a radiant beauty.

It was Christmas eve, and the street was filled with persons hurrying to their various homes after the last day of holiday shopping. Heavily laden express carts were rattling noisily over the cobblestones, and groups of small urchins were adding to the festive din by tooting lustily on their ear splitting Christmas horns.

But the pale woman at the window neither saw nor heard all this confusion. Her thoughts were in the faraway past, when Christmas eve in the luxurious home of her childhood used to be the gladdest time of all the year. But now she glanced hastily around the small bare room and shuddered to think of the terrible change. If only she could have bought a few trifling gifts for the children! But she had not been able to spare a penny from her small earnings, and this year dear, faithful Tony must go unrewarded and 6-year-old Kathie's strong confidence in Santa Claus be shaken forever.

Just then the door was pushed open, and her sad reverie was interrupted by the entrance of two children, a tiny girl with a mass of golden hair framing a very excited little face and a dark eyed boy about 2 years her senior.

"Mamma, mamma," the fairy cried, rushing to her mother and throwing both arms about her neck, "Tony and me have a be-yu-ti-ful plan, just be-yu-ti-ful! Tony read about it in a book, and we want to do it—to sing carols tonight under people's windows."

The mother drew a quick breath.

"And then when they open the door to find us we'll run away, just like the children in the story."

Ah, then her children had not yet thought of begging at strange doors, and they wanted to follow out the beautiful old English custom simply for the fun and novelty!

"And, mother," Tony was saying in his grave way, "perhaps they'll think it's an angel when Kathie sings, she can make her voice so soft."

The mother smiled. Her little daughter's truly wonderful voice was a great delight to her, and she hoped some day to have it carefully trained.

Yes, she would give her consent to the frolic, and all through the scanty evening meal the children chatted like veritable magpies. Then, clad in their plain, warm wraps, they set out after bidding their mother a merry goodby.

Hand in hand they hurried through the crowded streets, past the rows of brilliantly lighted shops, gay with holly and evergreens, not making a stop until they reached a wide avenue, where the shops gave way to handsome private houses.

"Now, Kathie," Tony whispered by way of a signal, "'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.'" And a moment later the childish voices were ringing on the frosty air in clear, sweet treble. Before they could run away, as the story had said was the proper thing to be done, a group of children appeared at one of the richly curtained windows, and catching sight of the little singers out in the snow beckoned to them to come in. Tony shook his head

THE DOOR WAS PUSHED OPEN.

and called out gayly that they were Christmas children and didn't mind the cold. Then, clasping hands more tightly, they ran on.

House after house was roused by the clear little voices, and coins were offered, but Tony always refused the money, saying that they were Christmas' children, and that seemed to explain their situation perfectly, for no one pressed them further.

"Let's don't sing any more after this one," Kathie said as they paused before a large, imposing house of somber brownstone, "'cause I'm very tired."

"All right, Kit, so brace up for the last and do your best. Let's sing 'Hark, the Herald Angels!'"

"You begin it, you know." And Tony, who acted in the double capacity of business manager and choir master, gave the note, and Kathie began.

In the handsomely furnished library of the house before which the children stood an old man was sitting alone before a great open fire. He knew that it was Christmas eve, but the fact did not seem to make him particularly happy, for his face was drawn and haggard, as though he were being tormented by his own thoughts. Some one had wished him a "merry Christmas" that evening, and the old man laughed bitterly.

"Merry Christmas," he half muttered. "When have I seen a Christmas that was anything but a torment since"— And his mind went back to a Christmas eve just ten years ago. Ah, those were merry Christmases in the old years when Katherine was a child with long golden hair! What was it that she sang every time before she explored the mysterious stocking? Oh, yes, he remembered it well—

"Hark, the herald angels sing!"

Was he dreaming, or was it really his darling's voice that broke the stillness of the winter night? He listened intently. Faintly the air of the old anthem came to him. Then, as his ear grew accustomed to the voice, he caught each word distinctly, "'Glory to the newborn King.'" The sound came from the street, and the old man rose from his armchair and walked noiselessly to the window. Hiding himself among the heavy folds of the hangings, he gazed eagerly out into the snowy avenue.

Two tots of children were standing directly in front of the house. One, the smaller of the two, a girl with bright curls, as he saw by the friendly light of

HE GAZED EAGERLY OUT.

the street lamp, was singing with all her small might. And such a voice! It made him think of the "herald angels," about whom she sang, or, better still, of Katherine.

He waited until the carol was ended, and then raising the sash called out in a persuasive tone, "Little ones, will you come here," and as the children hesitated he added: "Don't be afraid. I only want to speak to you a moment." And a little later Tony and his sister were standing before the old man in the great wide hall.

"I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the anthem that you have been singing out there in the cold and to ask you if you won't come tomorrow and sing it for me again. I used to have a little girl like you," touching Katbie's hair softly as he spoke, "who sang it every Christmas day."

"Did she?" Kathie asked, looking up at the grim old man with a genuine interest in her big blue eyes. "Why, that's just what my mamma used to do when she was a little girl, isn't it, Tony?"

Tony, who, unlike his sister, disliked to speak of what he termed family "'fairs" before strangers, simply nodded and was about to say that they would be very glad to come in the morning when their host of five minutes, leaning eagerly forward, exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Your mother, children? Who is she? Who are you?"

Half frightened by the change that had come over the old man's face, Tony answered wonderingly, "We are mamma's children, Kathie and Tony, and mamma is Mrs. Anthony Girvin." The suddenness of the discovery was too great to be borne calmly, and the old man trembled like a palsied person as he rang the bell for a servant. "Tell John," he said when the domestic appeared, "to have the carriage ready immediately." Then, turning to the puzzled children, he said in a voice that he tried in vain to steady: "Little ones, your mother was the little girl who used to sing for me years ago. Will you take me to her, for I want to go tonight?"

It was years before that his daughter Katherine had come up behind him one evening, and putting her arms about his neck told him with an unwonted shyness that she had that day promised to be Anthony Girvin's wife, and he, enraged that his idol should be willing to marry a poor musician, who, though good and talented, was guilty of being in moderate circumstances—he, the fond, affectionate father—had broken from the soft embrace and commanded her—yes, he had used that very word—to break her promise or to leave his house forever. And how proudly she had towered above him in her tall beauty as she utterly refused to comply with his commands, because—and the words were galling to the father—because she loved Anthony Girvin more than the whole world. "Then show your devotion to this pauper and go!" he had shouted, little dreaming that he would be so promptly obeyed, for, with a slight bending of the beautiful head, she had gone from the room, and when with a half formed fear he went to find her a note on her dressing table told him that "her 'devotion to this pauper' was proved, for she had left her father's house forever." The torturing remorse that followed almost drove him insane, and when he was convinced that all search for his daughter's whereabouts was vain he had settled down to an almost entirely secluded life, which was in its very nature a living death.

* * * * * * *

Tony always persists that they owe their present happy life to Kathie's fondness for discussing family matters, but Kathie herself and Kathie's idolizing grandfather lay it all to the old Christmas carol.

MERRY XMAS.

Tuesday Is Unpropitious.

Tuesday is an unlucky day for Christmas, which fact interests us this year sufficiently to reproduce this verse:

If Christmas day on Tuesday be,
That year shall many women die,
And that winter grow great marvels;
Ships shall be in great perils;
That year shall kings and lords be slain.
And many other people near them;
A dry summer that year shall be
As all that are born therein may see;
They shall be strong and covetous.
If thou steal aught, thou losest thy life,
For thou shalt die through sword or knife.
But if thou fall sick 'tis certain
Thou shalt turn to life again.

A MYTH OF THE RHINE

VARIOUS VERSIONS OF THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREES.

How the Custom of Decorating a Spruce Has Spread to All Christian Nations—A Legend of Martin Luther—Memories of Tiny Tapers and Sweet Surprises.

One may read in the folklore of the Rhine district of a mysterious tree that blooms only on the night before Christmas, and the old myth assures us we have only to go to a certain spot to find it all to be true. As the first authentic accounts of a Christmas gift tree are in the annals of this same Rhine neighborhood, may we not believe that the holy mystery supposed to be concealed in the blossoming tree was commemorated and perpetuated in the decoration of the Christmas spruce? At all events, it is in historical records of Strasburg from the year 1605 we first read of a real Christmas tree. The man who has left the record writes:

"During the Christmas holidays a spruce is set up in Strasburg homes, on which are hung horses of many colored paper, apples, consecrated wafers, clay cuckoos, sugar," etc.

The use of the tree spread very slowly during the 200 years following, and we next read of it in 1646 in a theological work called "Milk of the Catechism." This time it is not mentioned lovingly, but the author inveighs against its use in the home in these words:

"Among other frivolities with which more than with God's word the holy days are celebrated the Christmas spruce is found, which is set up in the houses and decorated with puppets and sweet things. Finally one shakes it, and so its blossoms fall. Whence comes this custom I know not. The whole thing is child's play. Better would it be if one allowed the children to keep holy day around that spiritual cedar tree, Christ Jesus."

Next we hear of it from the standpoint of the jurist in 1737. In a very learned treatise "On the Gifts Bestowed on Our Redeemer's Birthday" a jurist striving for position of docent at Wittenberg speaks of the candle decked Christmas tree, under whose boughs the gifts to the housefolk are spread, gifts whose justification he sees from a legal standpoint.

Late in the eighteenth century the tree was more frequently mentioned, and it was even the great Goethe who introduced it to the literary world in his "Sorrows of Werther." Goethe first saw a Christmas tree in 1765, when he was 16 years old, at the house of Theodor Korner's grandmother. He says, "It was hung with all kinds of sweets, mangers holding the Christ child, the Virgin Mary and Joseph standing beside the oxen, asses and lambs."

Do you remember Werther's visit to Lotte on the Sunday before Christmas, when he finds her alone, preparing packages of presents for her small brothers and sisters? Just as he, suspecting nothing, pours out his ecstasy over their friendship the door suddenly opens, and the Christmas tree bursts on his view, with its glimmering wax candles, its cakes and apples.

Germany's other idol, Schiller, does not himself write of any Christmas tree, but in a work by a friend of his we learn that at Christams time, 1789, he became betrothed to Lotte von Lengefeld and withdrew from an engagement to "pass the holidays under the Christmas tree" with a family in Jena in order to be with her.

The following Christmas he and his wife Lotte stood beneath a "brightly glowing tree" in their own home.

The first time the Christmas tree was enshrined in verse was in 1805, just 200 years from its first historic mention. From that year the custom of decorating a spruce at Christmas spread rapidly all over Germany until about 1830 it went over the border into France and was introduced in 1840 by Helen, duchess of Orleans, into the Tuileries. Now over 40,000 trees are decorated annually in France. The French people observe the custom with all their characteristic enthusiasm and warm piety. They have a very pretty way of protecting the roots of the tree and planting it again after the holidays are over.

The Christmas tree found its way into England through Prince Albert soon after his betrothal to Queen Victoria. A peculiar English custom is that of passing a small tree round the table after the Christmas dinner, from which each person plucks the gift previously placed there for him or her.

Nor are these the only countries to follow the Germans in their Christmas festival. In Italy, the Netherlands, Russia and Scandinavia the little ones are made happy by the blooming of the Christmas tree. Indeed an old German legend ascribes the origin of the custom to Sweden, whence it was introduced into Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' war. But this is only legendary and has no more claim to our belief than that other legend of Martin Luther taking a forest tree into his house and decking it with numerous lights to symbolize the glory of the starlit heavens.

In our own country the history of the Christmas tree is young, and although many foreigners think the only kind we have ever seen is one from which the poetic sentiment is fled, one made of iron and lighted by the pressing of a button with gas or electricity, we, who have our delightful memories of trimming the fragrant evergreen, of helping it blossom and bear fruit full of sweet surprises, and who have lighted the tiny tapers amid much merriment, not unmingled with tender awe at the thought of the starlight whose rays have beamed upon us since that first Christmas long ago—we can testify to the beauty, the poetry, the warm glowing love, surrounding our Christmas tree, which blooms perennial in our hearts long years after the mystery of hearts.—Boston Transcript.

YULETIDE DECORATIONS.

Evergreens and Holly Should Be Bountifully Used—Banish Exotics.

From Christmas eve until Twelfth Night the house should be gay with decorations. There are in these ultra refined days certain persons who object to the hanging of wreaths and stars at the windows, alleging that the decorations should be for those within and not for those without. But it is the one season of the year when all good folk want even the casual passerby to catch some hint of the merriment indoors, and the little green wreaths, with their sparkling red berries, are the sign that says to the world, "Here dwells a happy family that wishes you, whoever you may be, a merry Christmas." So the first step toward the proper celebration of the festival is to hang up these cheerful little window notices against the cheerful, shining panes of glass.

Then let all the chandeliers be draped with the long evergreen vine which grows in the woods all about, and which country people sell on the outskirts of the markets. Every here and there a few bright berries should gleam. From it the traditional bit of mistletoe should hang.

The picture frames of oak and gilt and white enamel should almost disappear beneath frames of holly or glossy laurel leaves brightened with red berries. The wires should be skillfully wound about with evergreen. The space above the picture molding may be solidly filled with evergreen. Then along the molding itself fasten holly leaves and berries. From this the vine wreathed pictures hang.

It is a rather pretty idea at this season to banish palms and other exotics and to fill the jardinieres and bowls with branches of pine, the brown cones clinging to them. Of course all the flower vases and glasses may be filled with as sweet blossoms as the florist is able to supply.

It is a rather good idea to have the Christmas dinner decorations seasonable. Instead of violets or roses and maidenhair fern let the centerpiece be a bowl of glittering holly, and let strings of holly leaves extend from it to each plate. Let the name cards be painted appropriately with holly or Santa Claus or a bulging stocking and have some suitable inscription upon it. The substitute for the customary bouquet and boutonniere might also be holly.—New York World.

Heard Santa Claus.

At breakfast Christmas morning Hamilton pere was just a trifle leaden eyed, and Mrs. H. had a suspicion of haughtiness and reserve about her.

The juvenile stockings had panned out well, and Jimmie and Tom were loquacious.

"We heard Santa Claus, papa," said Jimmie.

Papa started, and mamma smiled—a smile with a whole lot of meaning and traces of sarcasm in it.

"He made an awful noise and tumbled on the stairs," continued Jimmie.

The maternal smile widened.

"Guess it must have been the load he carried," chimed in Tommie.

And neither of them understood their mother's inscrutable smile, which had breadth, length, depth and thickness.—San Francisco Examiner.

English Christmas Charity Customs.

Some of these old Christmas customs are not without their element of romance. Thus a pretty story accounts for a custom kept up at Forebridge. The account generally current in the neighborhood is to the effect that one Christmas day a certain benevolent individual, hearing some poor children murmuring that they had no plums for a pudding, counted the houses at that time in the village and made a provision for a pound of plums for each house. In accordance with this generous bequest, the chamberlain of the corporation of Stafford every Christmas was accustomed to make a payment of 6 shillings for the purchase of plums, which were to be regularly distributed to persons at the time residing in certain old houses in the liberty of Forebridge.—Gentlewoman.

St. Nicholas the Sailor's Friend.

Sailors are supposed to date their reliance upon St. Nicholas from this occurrence: The holy man, en voyage to Palestine, was driven into a mighty storm, but on his praying to heaven that the elements be calmed the vessel glided into a haven of refuge. Simultaneously a tempest arose a great distance off, and the hard pressed crew of another ship prayed for the aid of St. Nicholas, who miraculously appeared before them, whereupon the winds and waves subsided.

In the translation of Neogeorgus occur these lines:

St. Nicholas keeps the mariners from daungers and disease
That beaten are with boysterous waves and tost in dreadfull seas.
—Selected.

Kriss Kringle In Germany.

In north Germany on Christmas eve the children lay out upon a table under a branch of evergreen the gifts for their parents and then call the latter in. The parents do the same thing for the children upon Christmas day. The mother also talks to the girls in a spirit of counsel, and the father acts likewise with the boys. Then, of course, there is Kriss Kringle, the familiar and beloved, with his furry coat, ruddy face and long white beard, who is in some districts represented by Rupert, a man engaged by all the parents in a village to costume himself in regulation style and visit all the houses.—Exchange.

Christmas Proverbs.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a man afterward.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.—Selected.

A Christmas Carol.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

God rest ye, all good Christians, upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born.
How all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins he takes away,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
—Dina M. Mulock Craik.

YULE LOG AND MISTLETOE.

Christmas Customs That Antedate the Birth of the Saviour.

In England the mistletoe and the yule log are associated with the Christmas season and date long before the time of the nativity of our Saviour. The veneration of the mistletoe is a superstition of the Druids. This curious parasite growth of the oak tree is said to be propagated by the missel thrush, which lives on its berries. It can be artificially propagated by bruising its berries and pressing them against the bark of any fruit tree, leaving them to take root, which they quickly do. In Gloucester and Worcester counties large gatherings are annually made of the mistletoe branches from apple trees. Bunches of mistletoe are hung on doorways or suspended from gas chandeliers or ceilings in rooms, and on Christmas eve the lass who passes under the bough is kissed by her special cavalier. The custom is a relic of the superstition of the Druids.

The burning of the yule log is an observance relegated to the country, as town houses are not built with fireplaces adapted to log burning. But the name clings, and "the season of yule" is a phrase often in the mouths of better class English folk. The burning of the yule log, we find, dates from the earliest Scandinavian days, when the logs were kindled in winter in honor of the Scandinavian god Thor. The fires blazing up the wide chimneys today in old English houses are said to burn out old animosities and by a fire purification make all things new and clear. In the days of Henry VI songs were sung about the blazing yule logs, while wassail cups were pledged right merrily. The last verse of one of the favored ditties is today often seen on Christmas mottoes:

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year,
Welcome yule.

With the yule log was the huge yule candle to light the supper feast. The candle was placed in an elaborate brass candlestick, and in still earlier times a stone socket was used.—Boston Herald.

Christmas In War Times.

On Dec. 25, 1862, after the battle of Fredericksburg, the troops had come back to the Falmouth side of the river. I was in command of the Tenth New Hampshire regiment. It was a memorable Christmas. We were in the south, and we did as the southerners did—entertained right royally for a week all the officers of the different New Hampshire regiments.

We had a fine cook and an old Dutch oven. With this combination many and delicious were the canvasback (caught near by in the Chesapeake river) turned out and eaten with a relish. And then such a week as it was!

Among other things there was a grand pig hunt. The pigs were running wild on the deserted plantation. The men caught one of the wild fellows and gave him a good coat of grease. He was set loose in a large open cotton field filled with stubbles. Twenty-five or thirty men gave chase.

The man who caught him was to have him. Such running and rolling as there were for awhile! After a long time the wily, wriggling pig was captured.

The chase ended, and the pig was cooked.—General M. T. Donohoe.

The Christmas Hobby Horse.

Among the diversions of the season in the olden time was the hobby horse. It is said to have originated in Cornwall, where, according to tradition, the French once effected a landing at a small cove on the coast, but seeing at a distance a number of women dressed in their red Cornish cloaks they mistook them for soldiers, and fleeing to their ships put to sea. The boys and young men thereupon disported themselves by prancing around in imitation of a horse, with poles between their legs. In Kent the festivities of Christmas commenced, within the memory of persons now living, with a curious procession called hodening of young people, who had with them the stuffed head of a dead horse, which they fixed on a pole covered with a horse cloth. One of them got under this cloth and walked about, pulling a string attached to the lower jaw of the skeleton, thus making a loud snapping noise, which was accompanied by the others, who were grotesquely attired, with hand bells in their hands. They went from house to house and were given beer, cake or money.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Queen Victoria's Christmas Dinner.

Although the queen has in her own preserves more pheasants than she knows what to do with, it is "the thing" for the Prince of Wales to send her a few at Christmas from Sandringham, for the royal lady says the flavor of his birds is far finer than hers. And the royal dinner on Christmas day is a feast indeed. There are oysters and fish and roast beef and turkeys, snipe, lark, woodcock, plum puddings, mince pies and all sorts of creams and jellies. The crown embroidered cloth is not removed for the dessert, and then comes the childish pleasure of "cracker pulling" and motto reading, in which the queen heartily joins, pulling a cracker with every one at table in turn. Healths are drunk in an informal and simple way, and smoking is allowed in the royal dining room for "this night only."—Chicago Herald.

Christmas Giving.

The moment a gift is expected it loses all its sacredness and worth, it seems to me. It is often the surprise of a present which makes its charm. We ought to make an effort to surprise the deserving poor on Christmas in this way, to seek them out and lighten their needs by some thoughtful and appropriate offering when they least look for it. It would be an excellent training for children who have been reared in wealth or even in comfort to take them about among the poor people the week before Christmas and let them decide whether they would receive their usual load of expensive toys or donate that amount of money to the relief of the destitute.

It would be a practical lesson in the beauty of self sacrifice.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Fairy Tale.

Long years ago, one Christmas night,
When the young world was wrapped in white,
The wildwood creatures far and near,
Who all of nature's secrets hear,
Started with wonder and affright.

For, lo! Titania rose in sight,
Inmeshed in frosted golden light,
Couched on the moon's slow sailing sphere
Long years ago.

And here again the selfsame sprite,
Incarnate now a damsel slight—
(The years like snowflakes disappear;
A cycle passes like a year)—
Reigns still as by the fairy right—
Long years ago.
—Chicago Tribune.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS.

Forget and Forgive Is the Custom—Midnight Mass and the Family Supper.

On Christmas eve in the homes of Paris, when the children are fast asleep, with the bonnes to watch over them, the older ones and the parents go to the grand high mass, lasting from 10 o'clock till midnight. This is a very solemn service and is sung with great ceremony and with row upon row of white veiled nuns, whose narrow belts of blue, orange or red show their peculiar order, kneeling in the transept.

Just at midnight the mass ends, and the altar boys snuff the tall candles.

Then the family returns, and there is the reveillon, or the supper of waking—the one meal of the year at which are gathered the brothers and sisters to the home of the oldest married child. There are places for the grandparents, too, and, if a child has been lately born to swell the family circle, a seat of honor next the grandmere for its mother, who is queen of the feast.

The "supper" is a great dinner, at which good will is the order, where are drunk innumerable glasses of harmless, unintoxicating grape wine, and where toasts are offered to every conceivable good luck, past and to come.

At the reveillon are discussed all the affairs of the family. If during the year the relations between two of its members have become strained, all is often forgiven and forgotten in this family love feast.

So with toast and rally and story the hours creep by until it is far into the small hours, when the party breaks up.—New York Press.

Economizing For Christmas.

There is a touch of humor in the petty economies practiced by many men for several weeks before Christmas. The man who has been accustomed to costly lunches, and who invariably bestows a substantial tip upon the waiter, about this time of the year is likely to affect a liking for a luncheon consisting of a sandwich and a piece of pie. He does not smoke quite so many cigars as formerly and convinces himself that a less expensive weed is quite as satisfactory as his favorite brand. He does not frequent the cafes as much as formerly, and there is a noticeable lack of his usual free hearted hospitality when he encounters his friends in such places. This strange parsimony which has come over the man is not due to the fact that he has met with financial misfortune, nor that he has suddenly become sordid and mean. He is merely economizing in his expenses in order that he may have more money with which to purchase Christmas gifts for those he loves. It may be a wife or child, mother or sister, for whom he makes these sacrifices, and there is no doubt that in the happiness he brings to other hearts he will find ample compensation for it all. The Christmas season is marked by innumerable instances of self denial.—New York Sun.

The Yuletide Log.

In the Black mountains at the present day, the custom of bearing home the yule log is still carefully observed in all its ancient detail. The house father fells the chosen trees; then he utters a prayer and carefully lifts up his log and bears it home on his shoulder. His sons follow his example, each bearing a log for himself. The father then leans his log up against the house, being very careful that the freshly cut end is uppermost; the lesser logs of the other members surround it, and this is the Glavni Badnjak. As the house father places each log he says, "Vesceli badnji dan," or "A merry log day."

The fire thus kindled was not allowed to go out until the following year, or great evil would befall the household. The fagots of the old fire lighted the new logs, and then were carefully extinguished and stored away among the household treasures. In the highlands of Scotland to this day it is considered a great misfortune if the fire be allowed to go out, and often have I heard it said, "Yae nae luck, ye've lect oot the fier."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Christmas Breakfast.

The main dish at the Christmas breakfast should be chicken, fried in the southern fashion. Wash and cut up a young chicken and let it lie in salt water for about half an hour. Cut up some fat salt pork and fry it in a pan until the grease is extracted, but not browned. Wipe the chicken dry. Pepper and dredge with flour. Fry in the grease until each piece is brown on both sides. When the chicken is fried, pour a cup of rich milk into the pan, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter. Chop some parsley into it, boil up once and pour over the chicken.

Potatoes a la creme form an excellent accompaniment to this Christmas dish. Chop some cold boiled potatoes into a boiling sauce made by mixing 3 tablespoons of melted butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper, a cup of rich milk and a couple of spoons of flour.

Light, delicious muffins, a flaky omelette and the perfect coffee, without which no breakfast is a success, should complete the Christmas breakfast.—Selected.

Christmas Customs of the Druids.

The Druids had a very beautiful custom which we moderns should imitate in spirit. They cut the green trees at this season of the year and carried them into their warm rooms in order to protect the spirits of the forest and the streams from the winter's frost and death dealing winds. In the springtime these spirits thus housed and sheltered went out again to reclothe the forest with green foliage, to unlock the icy streams and cover the face of the earth with beauty and bread. At this Christmas season of peace and good will let us provide a home for the spirit of love, of justice and of sympathy, that they may be protected against the evil times, the coldness and selfishness of the world, to go out again in the springtime "to heal and soothe and bless."—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS IN ERIN.

HOW THE DAY WAS CELEBRATED IN YEARS GONE BY.

Wanderers Returned to Eat Dinner With the Old Folks—Christmas Boxes, but No Santa Claus—Advent Week a Great Courting Time For the Lads and Lasses.

There was a turkey raffle on Halsted street, and Mr. McKenna shook 54. He came into Mr. Dooley's with the turkey under his arm, and Mr. Dooley paused to inquire, "Where'd ye get th' reedbur-rd, Jawnny?"

"I won it at Donnelly's raffle," said Mr. McKenna.

"Ye ought to 've kep' it in a warm place," said Mr. Dooley. "It's shrinkin so 'twill be a fishball before ye get home. It must be a canned turkey. I've seen the likes iv that in th' ole counthry, f'r ivrybody that cud get thim wanted turkey f'r Chris'mas, an if they cudden't get a big fat gobbler with mate enough on him to feed a rig'mint iv Mayo min they took what they got, an they got wan iv thim little herrin turkeys like th' bur-rd ye have under yer arrm. Faith it wasn't all iv thim cud get that much, poor things! There was places in th' pa-art iv Ireland yer people come fr'm, Jawn, with yer di'mons an yer gole headed umbrilla, where a piece iv bacon an an exthra allowance iv pitaties was a feast f'r th' kids. 'Twas in yer town, Jawn, that th' little girl, whin she wanted to remimber something, says to th' ole man, 'Why,' she says, 'ye remimber 'twas the day we had mate,' says she. She remimbered it because 'twas th' day they had mate, Jawn. 'Twas like Chris'mas an th' Foorth iv July an Pathrick's day, whin they had mate in yer part iv Ireland, Jawn. On other occasions they had pitaties an buttermilk, or, if their neighbors wuz kind, oatmale stirabout. Poor things! Did I iver tell ye about me Uncle Clarence that died iv overatin reed bur-rds?"

"You did," said Mr. McKenna surlily, for it was a point upon which Mr. Dooley often gibed him.

"Annyhow," said Mr. Dooley grinning, "poor or rich alike, th' people iv Ireland never let th' Chris'mas pass without cellybratin. Ye'd know th' day was comin frim th' gr-reat coortin that'd be goin on ivrywhere. Advint week was always gr-reat coortin time f'r th' la-ads. Thy'd make love before Chris'mas an get married afterward if th' gir-rls'd have thim, an they mostly would. That's a way th' gir-rls have the wide wur-rld over.

"Thin ivery man'd wish f'r a snowy Chris'mas. A green Chris'mas makes a fat churchyard, says th' good book, an like as not there'd be snow on th' ground at laste in Mayo, where I come fr'm. An about Chris'mas eve th' lads and lasses'd go into th' hills an fetch down ivy to hang above th' hearth, an all th' kids'd go light on th' stirabout so's they could tuck in more on th' morrow. Chris'mas eve th' lads that'd been away'd come thrampin in frim Gawd knows where, big lads far fr'm home in Cork an Limerick an th' city iv Dublin—come thrampin home, stick in hand, to ate their Chris'mas dinner with th' ole folks. Dear, oh, dear, how I remimber it! 'Twas a long road that led up to our house, an me mother'd put a lamp in th' windy so's th' la-ads could see th' way. Manny's th' time I've heerd th' beat iv th' stick on th' road an th' tap on th' pane an me mother runnin to th' dure an screamin Mike 'r Tim 'r Robert Inmitt an cryin on his shoulder. 'Twas—let me see, four fours is 16 an 30 makes 46—'twas in th' Chris'mas iv fifty-sivin I last seen me brother Mike—poor fellow, poor fellow!

"We was up early, ye may say that, th' nex' mornin. Some iv th' pious wans'd go to th' midnight mass, an thim we called 'voteens.' But th' kids had little thought iv mass till they opened their Chris'mas boxes. Poor little Chris'mas boxes they was like enough—a bit iv a dolly f'r th' little girls an a jack-in-the-box, with whiskers, an a stick iv candy. There's on'y wan thing ye have over here that we niver had at home, an that's Sandy Claus. Why is it, d'ye suppose? I niver knew that St Patrick druv him out with th' snakes, but I niver heerd iv him till I come to this counthry.

"Thin afther th' Chris'mas boxes th' kids 'd go out in th' road an holler 'Chris'mas box' at ivry man they met, an thin wud be off to mass, where the priest's niece sung the ''Destah Fidelis,' an ivry man chipped in a shillin or two f'r th' good man. By gar, some iv thim soggarths was bor-rn politicians, f'r they cud jolly a man f'r givin big an roast him f'r givin little till ivry citizen in th' parish was thryin to bate his neighbor like as if 'twas at a game iv give away! Ye'd hear thim comin home fr'm th' church. 'Th' iday iv Mike Casey givin tin shillin's whin Badalia Casey borrid a pinch iv tay fr'm me on'y las' week.' 'What a poor lot thim Dugans is! Before I'd be read frim th' altar with sixpince afther me name I'd sell th' shoes off me feet. I heerd Tim Dugan got three-poun tin f'r that litther iv boneens. Did ye notice he wint to his jooty today? Faith 'tis time. I was thinkin he was goin to join th' Protestants.'

"An so 'twud go. Thin they was dinner—a hell iv a dinner iv turkey or goose with bacon—an thin a bottle iv th' ole sthuff, with limon an hot wather an toasts was drunk to th' la-ads far away an to thim in prison an to another reunion, an late at night me mother'd tuck us all in bed an lade me father to his room with his jag upon him, singin 'Th' Wearin iv th' Green' at th' top iv his voice. Thim ole days!"

"Well, Martin, good night," said McKenna. "A merry Christmas before I see you again."

"Merry Chris'mas," said Mr. Dooley. If Mr. McKenna had returned five minutes later, he would have found Mr. Dooley sitting on the edge of the bed in the back room, wiping his eyes on the bar towel.—Chicago Post.

Christmas Coming.

It's getting close to Christmas. Across the hills and dells
You can almost hear the chiming and the rhyming of the bells.
But the skies are clear and candid, with no clouds that dream of snow,
And you hear in dark and daylight all the elfin bugles blow!

It's getting close to Christmas. There's something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there,
And sweet the bells and bugles sound through our dreams of rest—
Ring, bells, your sweetest music! And, bugles, blow your best!

It's getting close to Christmas. Oh, time of peace and joy!
And, oh, to be once more, once more, a wakeful, watchful boy,
With the stocking in the corner for old Santa Claus to fill!
But we still thank God for Christmas, and we're boys in memory still!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Choice Catholic Literature.

Suitable for the Home, or Sunday School Library.

Elegant 18mo cloth bound books with gilt side name and stamp, offered at ONE-HALF the regular price.

SUITABLE FOR

Christmas Presents

At the suggestion of a number of the reverend clergy we have determined to offer the choice of any one of the following elegantly bound books, containing choice Catholic Stories, mainly for young people, at one-half the regular price. Every book has been approved by ecclesiastical authority, and all are by approved Catholic writers.

Price **20** cents each and one coupon for each book.

SPECIAL RATES IN QUANTITIES TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

READ THE LIST.

Adventures of Travel
Affections, Tales of the
Agnes, and other Sketches
Angels' Visits
Angel Dreams
Antonio; or, the Orphan of Florence
Apprentice (The), and other Sketches
Artists [Catholic], Tales of
Bad Example
Beautiful Little Rose
Chapel of the Angels
Crusade of the Children
Ellerton Priory
Emma's Cross, and other Tales
Faith and Loyalty and the Chip Gatherers
Florestine
Frederick Wilmot
Harry O'Brien, and other Tales
Hermit of Mt. Atlas
Honor O'More's Three Homes
Hope of the Katzekopfs
Idleness and Industry
James Chapman
Joe Baker
Lame Millie
Leo: or, The Choice of a Friend
Lepanto, Battle of, etc
Medellene, the Rosiere
Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nettlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys [The] and the Boy and the Man
Scrivener's Daughter and Orange Girl
Select Popular Tales
Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfric, and other Tales
South of France, Tales of the
Stories of Other Lands
Tales for the Young
Truth and Trust
Two Painters, the
Uncle Edward's Stories
Young Astronomer, The
Young Emigrants, The

Make selections of one or more, indicating first, second or third choice. Owing to our distance from the source of supply it may be impossible always to keep a stock of each number on hand.

BOOK COUPON.

This coupon when accompanied by 20 cents will entitle the holder to choice of any Book in above list offered by the

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

Henry I. Fisher,
Editor and Publisher
Room 10, Montgomery Block,
628 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out the merry Christmas chime,
Proclaim the message far and near,
Peace and good will in every clime,
To rich and poor sweet Christmas cheer.

Loudly proclaim o'er land and sea
What love divine for men did plan,
The setting of the captive free,
The nobler brotherhood of man.

Surcease of grief to those that mourn,
Rest to the weary, heaven to win,
A fuller life beyond death's bourne
To such as seek to enter in.

Peal forth with no uncertain tone
That love leaves none beneath the ban,
And they alone are blessed that own
Their duty to their fellow man.

Proclaim as loudly as ye can
The tidings glad to old and young,
Peace upon earth, good will to man,
First by the angel chorists sung.

NEIL MACDONALD.

DICK HUNT'S LUCK.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

"'Tain't no use," he muttered, "'tain't no derned airthly use ter try fer ter be decent. A man moight jest as well be an ornery cuss and done with it. A decent feller don't never git on in this world. It's only mean, low down, outrageous cattle that gits on."

After this outburst Dick Hunt sat down in his log cabin door and fixed his eyes on the lofty wall of mountains rising, inexorable as fate, before time. Peak after peak lifted its haughty, pine crested head into the sapphire sky. In the cold light of the December afternoon glittered the drifting wreaths of snow about their bold, defiant brows. Icy, remote, pitiless, terrible, they frowned down upon the man who sat

"THROW UP YOUR HANDS!"

there alone, wondering in his dumb, helpless rage what it all meant—why he couldn't "git on" as other men did.

Dick Hunt's ill luck had become proverbial in the San Juan country. "As cussed onlucky as Dick Hunt" was a comparison often bandied about in saloons and eating houses. Every dweller in that region knew the silent, lonely man who had lived for years in the desolate cabin on the windswept side of Lost Chance gulch, close by Ophir trail. Everybody laughed at him for a visionary. Dick had spent ten years locating claims. The mountains were marked with his signposts, rude, wooden crosses, each in turn marking a fresh grave of his hopes.

Dick saw other men prosper—"tin horn" gamblers, who cheated the miners out of their dearly earned wages; dancehouse proprietors in the camps who grew rich out of the blood and tears of wretched women; scamps, vagabonds, blacklegs succeeded where he failed—he who had always tried to lead a decent life and do the "square thing" by his fellows.

"What's the meaning of it?" he demanded furiously of the mountains, his only companions, his only friends. But the mountains turned, as ever, their solemn, sphinxlike faces toward him and made no answer.

Strange, wild thoughts come to men in solitude. It is not good for man to be alone. And to poor, disheartened, lonely Dick Hunt, away up there near timber line, in that tremendous, appalling wilderness, evil thoughts came trooping these days, thrusting their seductive faces close to his and indicating with tempting fingers a downward path.

Money — money — was what Dick wanted. He was tired of digging and delving for the gold which ever beckoned and allured and then mockingly vanished at the sound of his pick and shovel.

There are other ways to get money besides working like a dog all your days. Dick had heard the ways and means canvassed too many times not to be well up in details. Had he not rubbed elbows many a night with men whose lips could tell tales of violence and plunder and afterward comparative ease? Those fellows did not toil in the mountains year in and out, enduring all sorts of privations and hardships. Not they. They lived in Silverton and other camps and were feared and respected of men. There was Shorty Young, for instance. Everybody knew he was a thug and a cutthroat. Did anybody have any doubts about his being the leader of the gang that robbed the Hesperus stage and shot the driver in cold blood? Of course not. And Shorty Young was a power in the San Juan and compelled the admiration of all. There were Tony Drew and Jere Burkhardt. Everybody knew that Tony was a "tin horn" gambler, and yet because he was always flush he was a favorite and had a mighty soft time of it. And Jere Burkhardt had shot an inoffensive Chinaman, and yet see how he got on! No, there was no use in being square. It didn't pay, after all.

Twilight deepened into dusk, and one by one, the cold, white, glittering stars swung out above the cold, white, glittering peaks. Then the pale moon slowly drifted up from behind the mountain ramparts and sent a flood of light down Lost Chance gulch and athwart the Ophir trail.

And Dick Hunt looked down the trail and saw again that alluring, beckoning, seductive procession tossing maddening faces in the moonlight and heard their diabolical whisperings: "Why work any more? Why not take the shortest, surest way to fortune? Fortune is coming up the Ophir trail to you. Seize her, capture her, hold her by her throat and compel her to be yours."

"By God, that's what I'll do!" said Dick Hunt.

He rose, went into his cabin and lighted his lamp, the lamp which many a night had been a beacon to the slight, delicate boy who carried the mail across the mountains over the Ophir trail. Dick had always liked that lad. Someway, when he had seen him riding by on his sure footed, plodding, patient little burro; when the rider had looked up to the cabin and swung his sombrero to the lonely miner, Dick had caught in the mirror of the postboy's personality some fleeting, ghostly shadow of his own lost youth. Glimpses of days long dead, days when life had been one vast possibility; when hope had shone not like an ignis fatuus, but like a signal fire on a mountain top; when all the world had been his, flashed before him. He had come to look for the boy's approach as an event. He liked to hear his cheery whistle and halloo, to answer back some rough, good natured greeting, and then to watch him climb the range—farther, farther, a speck, out of sight. He felt an interest in the young chap almost as if he belonged to him. He had grown into his life, as it were.

And tonight he had made up his mind to murder him!

Yes, that was the only way to get anything in this blasted country. He had plodded like a burro just long enough. He knew that Jack Fanchot, the postman, would carry next morning the weekly mail over the range. He knew, moreover, that there would be several thousand dollars in the mailbag—Christmas presents that lucky prospectors were sending away to their friends. He smiled grimly as he thought that certain people would wait long for their Christmas present this year. By nightfall he would be in Silverton, and then—

He had no definite plan. The lust for gold had simply overpowered him. His only impulse was to steal, kill and get away. Dick Hunt was for the moment a madman.

Of course there would be no difficulty in managing the boy. Dick was twice his size and then coming upon him and surprising him—oh, yes, it would be dead easy! All this while he was eating his hasty supper and clearing away the table for operations. He cleaned and reloaded his six shooters and put them under his flabby pillows. Then, taking a piece of coarse white cloth, he constructed a frightfully grotesque mask and crammed it in the pocket of the coat he meant to wear on the morrow. When his ghastly preparations were finished, he lay down and slept.

He wakened at daylight, got up, cooked his bacon and flapjacks, made his coffee and tried to eat. But someway the food stuck in his throat. After breakfast he buckled on his belt and pistols, put on the long coat he brought from the east ten years back, drew his slouch hat well down over his restless, fiery eyes, and with the stealthy tread of a wild beast crept through the cedars and pines down the trail.

When Jack Fanchot came whistling up the trail, leading his heavily laden burro and striking listlessly with his whip at the sagebrush, he was suddenly confronted by a masked man who sternly ordered him to throw up his hands. Hesitating an instant, a blow stretched him almost senseless on the ground. As in a hideous dream, he saw the man stoop over him and take deliberate aim at his temple with a six shooter.

But he did not shoot.

He suddenly paused, and almost with a groan said aloud, "No, hang me ef I kin do it." Then, taking a coil of rope from his pocket, the robber tied the half conscious boy to a tree, rendering him

BOWED HIS HEAD UPON HIS HANDS.

utterly powerless to move. "I kin finish the job later," he muttered as with a vicious jab of his knife he ripped open the mailbag.

Dick Hunt quickly found the packages for which he was looking, and with an inarticulate sound thrust them in his pockets. He was about dropping the bag when he saw something which made him start.

Staring up at him from the pile of letters in the bag was his own name traced in a feeble, old fashioned hand. The sight of that handwriting almost stopped his heart. With a mighty effort he lifted the cheap yellow envelope and broke it open. The letter ran:

MY DEAR BOY—I cannot sleep for thinking of my son so far away. It has been so many long, dreary days since I heard from my Dick. Oh, my son, come home and gladden my eyes before I die. I am very feeble. I do not think I can live many years. I must see you once more. Never mind if you are not rich. Never mind if you have not succeeded in securing a great fortune. I love you just as much.

YOUR MOTHER.

The terrified boy, bound to the tree

and watching his enemy through languid eyelids, expecting death every moment, saw a strange sight. The masked robber suddenly sank upon the ground, bowed his head upon his hands and burst into tears. A very storm of sobs shook his stalwart frame for a few seconds, and then there was silence.

What did Dick Hunt see? A little moss grown, weather beaten farmhouse way off in northern Illinois, morning glories climbing over the side porch and peeping in at the window, by whose side sat a woman, plain, old, wrinkled, waiting alone for the son who went away to seek his fortune and never came back.

He, the robber, the murderer, the coward, had one friend on earth who had not forgotten him, and who loved him "just as much" as if he were rich and powerful.

With a groan Dick Hunt rose suddenly, replaced the packages in the mailbag, went over to the wondering boy, released him and said gently: "My boy, I was right plumb on the road to hell, but an angel spoke to me. Forgive me ef ye kin. I'm goin ter put myself—mean, low down, ornery dog that I be—right in your hands. Ye kin give me up ter the law's quick as yer a mind ter. Only 'twill break one poor old woman's heart," and then Dick Hunt, thief, transformed into Dick Hunt, hero, took off his mask and stood with a humble, deprecating air before his boyish judge.

"Good God, Hunt, was it you?" cried the lad. "Why, man, I thought you were my friend!"

"I were," said Dick very gently, "I were. I reckon I went clean plumb crazy last night."

"Was that letter from your mother?" asked Jack.

"It were," said Dick. "She—she'd like ter hev me come home, but that's fer you ter say whether I'll go."

"Shut up, you fool!" said the boy, laughing and holding out a trembling hand. "Of course you'll go. I won't give you away. Let me see. I'll fix up some yarn. I'll say the burro brayed and scared the road agent off. Go home, of course! Be thankful you've got a home to go to. Go spend Christmas with your mother."

Dick Hunt raised his haggard face and looked at the boy. He tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"What is it, Hunt?" asked Jack. "Mebbe you hain't got the cash to go with. If that's what's bothering you, why, here, I've got a little saved up, and you're welcome to it. You can pay me back if the Square Deal pans out," and he slipped the money into Dick's cold hand.

The sunlight quivered on the mountains, shot through the pines, and lighting on the boy's handsome face transfigured it for the moment into something almost celestial. At least it seemed so to poor old Dick as he looked gratefully and adoringly at the lad whose life he had meant to take and who in return was pressing the cup of life to his thirsting lips.

Silently the two men clasped hands in farewell. Dick watched Jack climb the range, a speck against the rose flushed peaks. Then the boy was lost to view, and Dick returned to his cabin and mechanically began packing up his poor traps, preparatory to going home.

At sundown two men galloped up to his cabin. "The sheriff!" said Dick, "Jack's given me up!"

A loud halloo summoned him to the door. He answered the call, firmly expecting arrest. But neither one of these well dressed fellows was the sheriff.

"Hello!" cried one with easy familiarity. "This Mr. Richard Hunt?"

"Yes, I'm Dick Hunt," was the reply.

"Well, we want to talk to you. Can we come in?"

"Certainly, strangers, and welcome."

The men dismounted and entered. The spokesman, a handsome, dashing, young fellow, went on: "I may as well speak right out, Mr. Hunt. My partner here and I want to buy the Square Deal, and we're perfectly willing to give you a square deal in the matter. I stand ready, Mr. Hunt, to hand you now tonight $40,000 for that claim."

"Say, Jim, you ought to have led up to it more gradually," said the other, sprinkling water in Dick's face. "The poor old duffer is thoroughly floored, you see. Feel better now, old man? Here, take a pull at this, and that'll fix you."

"But," stammered Dick after the stimulant had revived him, "but, gentlemen, the Square Deal hain't worth a d—n."

"Ain't, eh?" said the buyer. "Well, that's our risk. Here's your money, Hunt, if you want it," holding out a fat wad of bills.

* * * * * *

The day before Christmas the Widow Hunt sat alone in her kitchen reading her Bible. Devout, God fearing soul

AT HIS MOTHER'S FEET.

that she was, she felt that her heavenly Father had forgotten her in her old age.

What was to become of her? The old farm was mortgaged to the hilt, and she was living then by sufferance of its owner. How soon would this patience be exhausted and she be sent to the county almshouse?

The shadows crept across the floor and deepened in the corners of the room. The sun sent one last ray of light over the earth he was leaving. It trembled across the porch of the old, weather beaten farmhouse, through the window, and glimmered like a halo about the gray head bowed in anguish in the dreary, lonely room. The sorrowing woman lifted her head and moved her lips as in prayer.

Suddenly a step rang up the walk; there was a bustle at the door; it opened; some one—a tall, sunburned, rough man—rushed in. He paused an instant at the sight of the little, slender, trembling figure which turned in the chair as he entered, at the wrinkled old face down which the tears were falling, then fell on his knees at his mother's feet and buried his head in her lap, while her thin hands fluttered over him in benediction and her voice broken by sobs murmured: "For this, my son, was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found."

Was there ever another such Christmas as that of Dick Hunt and his old mother? He could not load the kitchen table with sufficient delicacies; he could not heap enough love and tenderness on his mother. And after the feast was over and the two had drawn their chairs up to the roaring fire, while Dick lighted his pipe, his mother eyed him closely and at last said: "Oh, Dick, my son, God has been so good to me in giving you back I ought not to have one selfish thought. But still I cannot help thinking that it will only be for a little while; that you will love and marry and leave me"—

"Mother," said Dick earnestly as he laid down his pipe, and turning toward her took her hand in his, "I shan't never marry. I shall stay with you as long as you live and make your last days comfortable. Then I shall go back ter my son out west."

"Your son!" gasped the old lady.

"Yes, my son—my adopted son, mother."

"Adopted, Dick?"

"Yes, mother. His name is Jack Fanchot, and he carries the mail right by my cabin over Ophir trail."

QUAINT ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Implicitly Believed by the Simple Folk. Acts That Are Unlucky.

In some districts of Northumberland and Durham, and also in Scotland, the country folk are extremely superstitious as to who first enters the house on Christmas morn. If a fair haired person crosses the threshold first, misfortune will attend the family. If a dark haired person is the first visitor, all may be well. The explanation vouchsafed for this queer belief is that the hair of Judas is supposed to have been red.

In some counties, if on Christmas morn you ask a man to oblige you with a wax vesta to light your pipe, he will politely but resolutely decline. The giving of a match out of doors on Christmas day is supposed to be accompanied by dire results.

Many old country people still adhere to the preposterous belief that a loaf baked on Christmas eve never gets moldy. It can only be supposed that healthy appetites have been the cause of this effort of the imagination not having been exploded long ago.

An individual who dies on Christmas eve is, paradoxical as it may seem, both pitied and congratulated. He is pitied on account of his lease of life having expired and congratulated because folk who shake off this mortal coil on Christmas eve are supposed to be sure of eternal happiness.

In several parts of Devonshire and Cornwall the people are exceedingly superstitious. On the evening preceding Christmas day cattle are commonly believed to fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour. A visit to the meadows would, of course, at once disprove this strange assumption, but considering that in the eyes of these folk the very act of going out for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle is an unpardonable crime, the rash perpetrator of which brings down upon himself and the animals the wrath of the Almighty, the superstition appears in no way likely to die out.

Christmas eve was regarded as the holiest night in the year, on which the Wandering Jew slept once every year, and when Pilate, whose spirit haunted Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, in the vain endeavor to wash its hands clean, had a brief rest.

On this night the quivering aspen tree ceases the motion of its leaves, which have continued since its wood was used for the cross, the respite given because from the same wood was made the cradle in which the Holy Child was rocked.

A Christmas Sermon.

There are two sweet things in human life—to be happy oneself and to make another so. When the first is gone, the next, thank God, is always left.

Do not lock yourself in your room too soon, too often or too long. Dash away the tears. Play the waltzes for the children. Put away your crape. Wear a white dress and a high mien and the smile of those who conquer the selfishness of pain on Christmas day.

The best friends of the tempted, of the young, of the erring and the overlooked are those who have known the sorest anguish and have achieved the sweetest peace.

Such, too, are the most sacred flowers of our festivals and the dearest angels of our happy homes.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

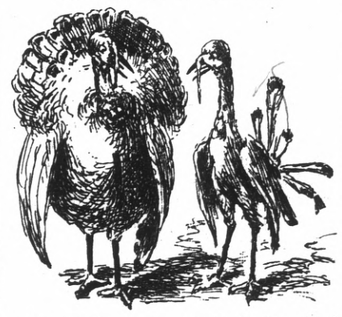
Origin of Christmas Greens.

The custom of decorating churches and houses with evergreens, branches and flowers is of very early date. The Jews used them at their feast of tabernacles and the heathens in several of their ceremonies, and they were adopted by the Christians. Christ permitted branches to be used as a token of rejoicing upon his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It was natural, therefore, that at Christmas time, when his birth was celebrated, this symbol of rejoicing should be resorted to. Some of the early councils, however, considering that the practice somewhat savored of paganism, endeavored to abolish it, and at one time it was enacted that it was not lawful to begirt or adorn houses with laurel or green boughs.

The Birth of Christ.

The observance of the 25th of December as the birthday of our Saviour is ascribed to Julius, bishop of Rome, A. D. 337-52. The eastern church had previously observed the 6th of January in commemoration both of the baptism and the birth of Christ. The exact date of Christ's birth appears not to have been known in the early church and cannot now be determined. Between the middle of December and the middle of February there is generally in Palestine an interval of comparatively dry weather, preceded and followed by the early and later rain. Thus there might have been shepherds on the plain of Bethlehem watching their flocks at night.

The Day Before Christmas.



Fat Turkey—I've been living high lately. Wonder what s the matter?

Thin Turkey (who is to be saved for another year)—You'll know before night. Ta, ta.

Stuffing For the Christmas Goose.

Boil 6 potatoes and mash them fine, add a tablespoonful of black pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of orange juice and 2 of butter. Stuff the goose with this mixture, truss and dredge with flour, salt and pepper.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

A maid so sweet,
A bird so neat
And plenty of holiday cheer.
Old friends we'll meet
And fondly greet,
For Christmas now is here.

Why Children Hang Their Stockings.

The custom of hanging stockings on Christmas eve, like that of preparing the Christmas tree, is derived from the Germans, who have a fable that while the stockings of good children are filled with toys and sweetmeats by Khris Kingle—a corruption of Christ Kindlin, or Christ Child—those of bad ones receive nothing but a small rod or switch, which is placed in them by another personage, known as Pelsnichol, literally Nicholas with fur, meaning St. Nicholas dressed in fur. It is a rare sight on Christmas morning in a German household to see the expression of abject misery and broken heartedness on the face of some poor little wight who, having been disobedient or otherwise naughty on Christmas eve, finds in his stocking only a small birch rod, while the hosiery of his brothers and sisters is filled with bonbons and playthings. The dread of getting the rod from old Pelsnichol on Christmas keeps many a German child in order throughout the entire year.

Burning the Christmas Candle.

We are inclined to pity the Puritan little one of New England who knows nothing about merry Christmastide, with its rollicking games of blindman's buff, hunt the slipper, snapdragon and the like, but some of them enjoyed the practice which they called "burning the Christmas candle." This taper was a homemade affair and differed from other tallow dips only in being larger and having the wick divided at the lower end to form three legs, while at its heart was concealed a quill well filled with gunpowder. On Christmas eve it was lighted, and the quaint little Puritan folk sat around telling stories and riddles until suddenly the candle went off with a tremendous explosion, making a delightful excitement and giving the children of the colonies their only taste of uproarious holiday fun.

The Birds' Christmas.

Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., formerly minister to Sweden, describes the Swedish Christmas thus: "One wintry afternoon, at jul-tide, I had been skating on a pretty lake, Dalsjon, three miles from Gottenburg. On my way home I noticed at every farmer's house we passed there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain. 'Why is this?' I asked of my comrade. 'Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds! They must have a Christmas, too, you know.' There is not a peasant in all Sweden who will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner within doors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without.'"

The Way It Was Accepted.

Clara's Sister—Oh, this must be Arthur's present!

Clara—Open it, quick! I'm so afraid it won't be from Tiffany.

Clara's Sister—Well, it is!

Clara (critically)—Yes, so it is. It isn't a case, though; only a box. That's awfully shabby!

Clara's Sister—But see what's inside! A lovely necklace!

Clara (coldly)—I don't call that very lovely. A last year's design, not half as rich as Polly Thurston's. I think Arthur was very skimpy indeed.

They Felt Badly.

Susie—Papa, did you get mamma a new pair of slippers for Christmas?

Papa—No, my dear, but why do you ask that question?

Susie—Well, Tommy said that the old ones were sick.

Papa—Sick? How do you make that out?

Susie—That's what he meant anyhow, for he said they felt badly.

Rather Tart.

Mr. Kanoodle—And now wouldn't you like me for a Christmas present?

Miss Alert—Certainly, if you'll hang yourself on the Christmas tree.

Christmas Jingles.

Get the banjo from the peg!
Tune the fiddle, fling your leg!
Christmas comes jes' after fall.
Balance to your partners, all!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The problem that is causing
Old Santa's worried look
Is how to show up in good shape
With flattened pocketbook.
—Kansas City Journal.

Though boughs by bitter winds are tossed,
The cold ne'er chills our glee.
It always takes a little frost
To sprout a Christmas tree.
—Washington Star.

Winter o'er the smiling land
His cold, bleak way has wended,
And Christmas time is almost here—
The football season's ended.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AT CHRISTMAS.

The kissing bough bedecks the hall.
Oh, see how Daphne's blushes rise!
Without the whirling snowflakes fall
And blind the blue of Daphne's eyes.

From out the holly peeps the red,
To vie with Daphne's curling lips;
Green boughs and berries deftly wed
By magic of her finger tips.

Across warm space the fire beam plays;
The wood evokes complaining sound—
A requiem o'er the vanished days
That strew sad memory's twilight ground.

Without the gusty weather din
Makes mournful music 'gainst the pane.
Love's winter garden, bright within,
Re-echoes summer's lost refrain.

Oh, Daphne, sweet, the ebbing year
Has flung you stranded on my breast.
Together may our footsteps wear
The path that winds to Pilgrims' Rest!

—Gentlewoman.

VIGG'S CHRISTMAS.

The snow lay shining over the moorland, and only one dwelling could be seen on all its vast expanse—a little cottage, old and gray. Travelers who passed over the moor often said, "How lonely the poor people must be who live there!"

But the cottage was a very nice one of its kind. Moss grew all over the roof, protecting it from the cold and wind. The chimney was broad and strong, and the roof, with its thatch of turf, looked in summer like green velvet covered with little red and yellow blossoms. At the end of the house was a tiny garden, where grew potatoes, carrots and cabbages, and by the fence were poppies and roses. Upon a bank close by stood an aspen tree, and at the cottage window hung a little curtain. The whole place was very neat and clean.

The cottage and the garden belonged to Mother Gertrude, who lived there alone with a little boy named Vigg, whom she had adopted.

Early in the morning of the day before Christmas Mother Gertrude had started for the grocery in the village, which lay at a long distance over the moor. The sun was setting, but she was not at home yet, and Vigg was very lonely in the cottage, for there was perfect silence amid the vast snow plain, which was all that he could see. All day long he had not heard the sound of a single horse's bell.

It is hard to tell how long he had been sitting there when he heard the bell of a horse dashing over the snow. He sprang to the window and looked eagerly out to see who could be coming, for he knew Mother Gertrude would not have any bells. The stars were lighted all over the heavens, and they twinkled and sparkled in the darkness of the night. Far away there was something very black on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and the bells rang out louder and louder. Suddenly a sled drove up to the cottage and stopped at the window.

It was a sled with four horses, and the horses were smaller than any ponies Vigg had ever seen. The little man who drove them had pulled hard on the reins to stop them, and they were jumping and rearing and making the snow fly in every direction.

"Keep quiet, Rapp! Be still, Snapp! Natt, stand quiet! Latt, keep in your skin!" shouted the little man in the sled as he jumped out and came to the window where Vigg was standing with eyes dilated with wonder. Vigg had never seen a man who looked like him, but then he had never seen many men. He was a little old man, just matching his horses in size. His face was full of wrinkles, and his whiskers were like white moss.

His clothes were of fur from head to foot, and in one side of his mouth he held a pipe, while the smoke came out of the other side.

"Good evening, Pug Nose," he said.

Vigg answered, with some dignity, "Good evening."

"Oh, Mother Gertrude isn't home yet, and you are alone and have to be for a good hour yet. Are you not afraid?"

"I am a Swedish boy," answered Vigg. Mother Gertrude had taught him that Swedish boys were always brave.

"Oh, you are a Swedish boy, are you?" said the little old man, rubbing his nose with his mittens, and taking the pipe from his mouth. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Vigg, "but do you know who I am?"

The old man took off his cap and made the boy a low bow.

"I have the honor of talking to Vigg," said he. "You are the great fighter of the country and have just put on your first pair of trousers. You are not afraid of the largest whiskers in the world. You are Vigg, and I am Santa Claus. Have I the honor of being known to you?"

"Oh, you are Santa Claus! You must be a good man!" cried Vigg. "Mother has often spoken of you. Of course I know who you are."

"Thank you for your compliment," laughed Santa Claus. "You can't tell much about me from hearsay. Will you go out with me for a ride?"

"I would like to," said Vigg doubtfully, "but I can't, for mother is not home yet, and if I am not here when she comes what would she think?"

"You will be home before she gets back," Santa Claus answered. "Come along!"

Vigg sprang out. It was very cold, and Vigg was not dressed very warmly. His little sack was very tight, and his wooden shoes had made holes in his stockings. Santa Claus locked the door and lifted Vigg into the sled, covered him up with a blanket, blew some smoke out of his pipe, cracked his whip, and off they flew.

They were very soon far away from the heath and came to a dark wood. Mother Gertrude had told Vigg about this wood. The trees were so big and high that it seemed to him as if the stars were on the boughs. Sometimes between the trunks of the trees one could catch a glimmer of the lights from other houses. At last Santa Claus stopped his team before a little house.

"There are a good boy and girl here and others who must have some Christmas gifts," said Santa Claus.

Then he went into the cottage, and Vigg went with him. The family were all gathered around the Christmas tree, and the father was reading from the Bible about the child Jesus. Santa Claus slipped his presents inside the door without their seeing him and softly went back with Vigg to the sled. Then they started again through the dark wood.

After awhile Santa Claus stopped in front of a big building, from every window of which shone a bright light. He found many presents for this house when he opened his chest, so many that Vigg wondered and marveled at them. There were bracelets, necklaces, veils and buckles and silk and velvet and gold and silver and all sorts of precious stones.

"What are all these for?" he asked.

"They are for fishes," said Santa Claus, with a wink. "For the young ladies to catch fishes."

Now they went to the king's palace, which was much larger than even the last fine house.

"Here are a couple of presents for the prince," said Santa Claus. "We will soon finish here, and then we will go to the great king in the mountain, and then home to Mother Gertrude on the heath."

Once more he opened the chest, and Vigg saw all the wonderful things he took out.

Santa Claus and Vigg again mounted the sled, and away they went again through the dark wood.

"Now we are going to see the mountain king," said Santa Claus.

Vigg was very quiet and thoughtful for awhile. Then he asked anxiously, "Is your chest empty now?"

"Pretty nearly," said Santa Claus as he put his pipe in his mouth.

"You have presents for all the rest. Haven't you any for me?" asked Vigg plaintively.

"Oh, you need not be afraid I shall forget you," laughed Santa Claus. "Your present is at the bottom of the chest."

"Oh, please, show it to me!" Vigg pleaded.

"Can't you wait till you get home tomorrow?" asked Santa Claus.

"No, no; let me see it now," said Vigg.

"There it is," answered his companion, turning around to his chest and pulling from it a pair of thick woolen stockings

"Is that all?" asked Vigg.

"Aren't you glad to have them?" replied Santa Claus. "You know there are holes in the ones you have on."

"Yes, but Mother Gertrude could have mended them. You give the prince such fine things. I think you might have something pretty for me too."

Santa Claus did not say a word, but he laid the stockings back in the chest and blew long whiffs of smoke from his pipe and looked very thoughtful.

No one spoke a word for a long while, and Vigg's thoughts were full of envy. He was angry that the prince should have had such beautiful things, and only the woolen stockings were given to him.

Then they came to a great mountain, with a high, straight wall of rock, and Santa Claus stopped the sled and got out and gave an oat cake to each of the four horses, Rapp and Snapp and Natt and Latt. Then, taking Vigg by the hand, he knocked at the mountain wall. It opened before them, and they went in.

They had taken only a few steps when Vigg became very much frightened, for the inside of the mountain seemed to be a dreadful place. It would have been as black as night but for the light which shone from the eyes of the snakes and toads which were crawling on the walls and in the damp recesses among the stones.

"I want to go home to mother," said Vigg.

"I thought you were a Swedish boy," replied Santa Claus. And Vigg did not say a word.

"How do you like toads—that one, for instance?" asked Santa Claus after they had gone on a little farther. He pointed to a green animal which was sitting on a stone, with its round eyes staring at the boy.

"It is dreadful!" faltered Vigg.

"You had the toad brought here," replied Santa Claus. "Do you see how puffed up he is? That is from envy. You see you wished that you had the prince's gifts and didn't like the present I gave you. A snake or a toad comes here for every bad thought that enters into any one's heart."

"I am very sorry," said Vigg. "It was very naughty and ugly of me, and I am ashamed."

They went on and on, through many crooked roads, deeper and deeper into the mountains. After awhile it began to grow lighter, and at last they turned a corner and came into a grand hall. The walls were made of mountain crystals, which glittered brilliantly in the light of torches held by innumerable dwarfs, who were ranged around three sides of the great hall. The light shining through the crystals lighted it with all the colors of the rainbow.

On the fourth side of the hall was the king in his golden chair, dressed in ermine and velvet, sprinkled with precious tones, but his face was very grave and thoughtful.

Beside him sat his daughter, all dressed in silver gauze, most beautiful to look upon. She was pretty, but very, very pale, and seemed to be dying.

In the middle of the hall hung a huge pair of scales, and around the scales stood a great many dwarfs, laying weights now on one side and now on the other.

In front of the king stood a great crowd of brownies from all the houses and cottages for miles around. They told the king where they lived, and what they and their masters had thought and said and done during the last year. For every good thought and every good thing of which they spoke the dwarfs laid a golden weight on one side of the scales, and for every bad thought and every bad thing they laid a toad or a snake in the other scale.

"Vigg," said Santa Claus, "that beautiful princess is very sick, and if she does not get out of the mountain soon she will die. She longs for the air of heaven, and the sunlight, and the sight of the golden stars in the sky. She has been promised that she should see the starry heavens, and the angels, and be happy forever. She longs for it all, but she cannot leave the mountain until some Christmas eve when the scale of good deeds and words shall be weighed down to the floor, and that with the evil shall go up to the ceiling. You see now the scales are just even."

Scarcely had Santa Claus said this when he was summoned before the king. He had a great deal to speak of, and it was nearly all good, for he worked only at Christmas time, when people are almost always kind and friendly toward each other. The dwarfs laid many, many golden weights on the scale while Santa Claus was talking, and the side with them in it grew heavier and heavier.

While Santa Claus was speaking Vigg was on pins and needles, dreading to hear his own name pronounced. When at last it came, he turned first red and then pale. What Santa Claus said about him and about the woolen stockings I will not repeat, but the dwarf laid in the scale on the side of the bad things the dreadful toad that Vigg had seen in the stones. The toad was heavy, and every eye but that of Santa Claus was turned upon the little boy. The king and the princess, the dwarfs and the brownies, were all looking at him. Some of the glances were hard and severe and others full of compassion and sorrow, especially those of the beautiful princess, whose gaze was so mild and pitiful that Vigg covered his face with his hands, for he felt bitterly ashamed.

Santa Claus told about poor Mother Gertrude on the moor—how she had taken the little fatherless and motherless Vigg and cared for him, and how she made mittens and rugs and brooms and sold them to the grocer in the village in order to feed him; how willing she was to mend his clothes and do everything for him; how much she loved him and how little thought she had for herself, happy in his rosy cheeks and bright eyes and always ready to forgive even his disobedience; how earnestly she prayed for him every night before she went to sleep, and how only this very morning she had walked alone over the snow to the village just to get a Christmas tree and other little things for him.

While Santa Claus was telling this the dwarfs laid heavy golden weights in the scale of the good things, and the ugly green toad jumped down and disappeared, and the eyes of the beautiful princess were wet with tears, and Vigg was sobbing.

Yes, he was sobbing in his sleep, and the grand hall, with its crystal walls and brilliant lights, was gone, and Vigg was lying on his little bed in the cottage on the moor.

The Christmas fire was burning brightly in the stove, and by the bed stood Mother Gertrude, saying: "Poor little Vigg! You had to be all alone here for a long time with no light, but I could not get home sooner. Now I have the candle for you, and such a candle as it is! And bread and ginger cake and another cake for you to give to the sparrows tomorrow morning. And see here," added Mother Gerturde, "here is a pair of woolen stockings which I have made for you for your Christmas present. They are just what you need, and here is a pair of leather shoes, so that you need not wear your wooden ones on Christmas day."

Vigg had long wished to have a pair of leather shoes, and they made him very happy. He looked at them from all sides, but he looked so much longer at the woolen stockings that Mother Gertrude thought he was looking for some flaw in her work. The truth was that they were exactly like those that Santa Claus had had in his chest, and they made Vigg very thoughtful.

He threw his arms around Mother Gertrude's neck and said:

"Thank you, Mother Gertrude, for the shoes and the stockings, many times over for the stockings."

Now Mother Gertrude placed the pot on the fire and a white cover on the table, and the candle was lighted, and Vigg put on his new shoes and the woolen stockings. Sometimes he ran to the window and looked out on the wide, snowy moor and wondered about last night how it was that he got home and when. Santa Claus had been very kind to him, and so was dear Mother Gertude, and Christmas eve was the most delightful time in all the world.—Romance.

Christmas Observance.

Properly or improperly, the observance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom, even among those that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's death and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit. There is another curious fact, the celebration of Christmas has been oftener perverted than that of the other festivals. Various customs of heathen origin were connected with it in the middle ages, and these abuses led many of the English and Scotch reformers to oppose any celebration of the day. But as a festival in the household it has now become so dear to children that we must observe it.—Rev. M. B. Riddle, D. D.

English Christmas Customs.

In England comparatively modern customs are almost identical with the Roman feasts—to wit, the plight in which old Cheshire farmers used to be at Christmas. At this season they were obliged to do their own work, for the servants were only engaged from Jan. 1 to Dec. 24, which plan gave them a week's holiday. This they employed in flocking to the towns, where they spent their money in revelry.—Exchange.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

—

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

—

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

—

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

OUR TRIPLE PREMIUM OFFER

—NO. 1—

TRUE LIKENESS OF OUR SAVIOR

Elegantly framed in OAK; size 20x16 inches, with passe-partout, and one year's subscription for $4.65.

—NO. 2—

County Map of Ireland

Size 2½x4 feet; printed in twelve colors, embellished with portraits of IRISH HEROES. Free with one year's subscription ($1.50) and 10 cents to cover postage and packing.

—NO. 3—

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size 17x14 inches, executed to order and satisfaction guaranteed together with three months' subscription for $1.00.

NOW FOR OUR WORKERS.

Everybody knows that the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is the favorite Catholic Weekly of the Pacific Slope. It is easy to get subscribers for it; but we don't want you to work unrequited. To any one who will send us the names of

Three Subscribers

Accompanied by $4.50

to pay for their subscriptions we will present an imperial quarto volume of over four hundred pages, entitled

THE WORLD'S SWEETEST SONGS

The book is embellished with steel engravings of the world's famous cantitrices. We are not going to say much about this book but every one of your friends will want a copy of it. (Sent by mail postpaid to subscribers for $2.50.) For

Five Subscribers

we have another gem—a presentation volume of prose and poetry entitled

BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT

These are a selection of the most beautiful extracts in the English language, and the volume is a vast treasury of choice productions in poetry and prose and song, from the literature and music of all ages. Its 660 pages are embellished with superb steel plate engravings.

Remit $7.50 and send the names of five subscribers and the work will be at once forwarded to you. (Sold to Subscribers only at $4.50.)

FOR TEN SUBSCRIBERS

When accompanied by $15 is offered the gem of the series. Just imagine a

Framed Water ✳ Color Portrait

valued at $20, which we will absolutely give you or securing for us, not less than 10 annual subscribers. This is an offer that only needs a couple of hours work a day to obtain, and you have something that will last you a lifetime. The picture is incomparably beautiful. (Sold to Subscribers only for $7.50.)

These are three chances of a lifetime, and will only be offered for a short time.

Prompt delivery of premiums guaranteed. Address all orders to the publisher

HENRY I. FISHER,

ROOM 10 MONTGOMERY BLOCK,
San Francisco.